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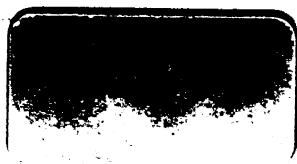
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OPEN AIR POLITICS



JUNIUS JAY

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OPEN-AIR POLITICS
AND THE CONVERSION OF GOVERNOR
SOOTHEM



OPEN-AIR POLITICS

AND

THE CONVERSION OF
GOVERNOR SOOTHEM

BY

JUNIUS JAY *friend*



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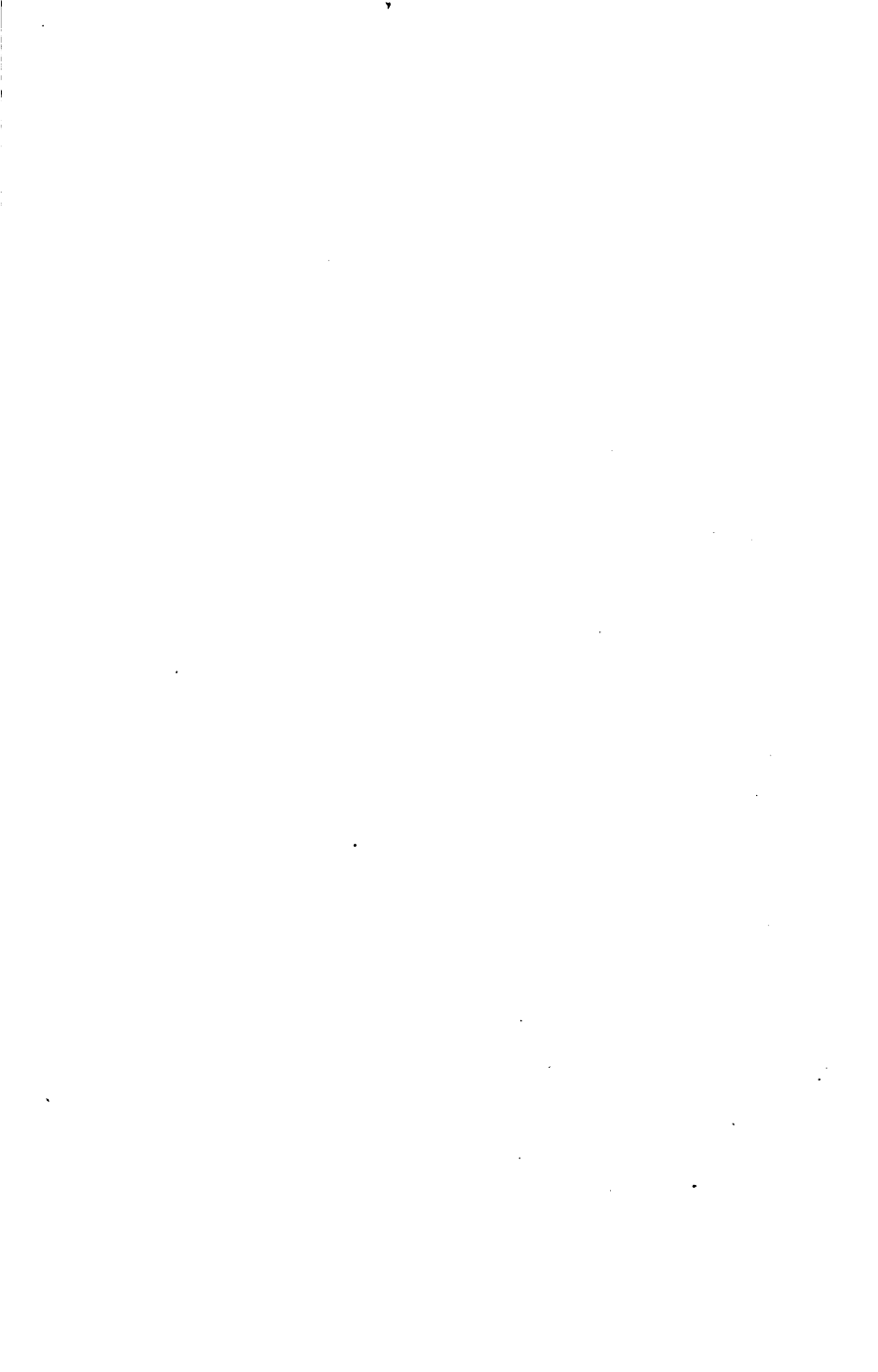
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I

THE SACRED RIGHT OF CONQUEST

"I DON'T know what is to become of this country, if things keep on this way!" exclaimed General Gorem. "Since my youth everything has changed. Every one is now obsessed with a mania for motion. Authority and discipline no longer exist. Everybody is bound to have his own way. Servants dictate terms to their employers; women want to rule the country, as they already rule the family; and even children claim the right of revolution. No relation of life is permanent. We appear to have entered upon a degenerate age."

"What puts you up to say this, General?" inquired Professor Lathemwell, — a cool-headed, thoughtful, middle-aged man, — as

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he approached the half-extinguished camp-fire of our hunting-camp, where the General was standing, leaning on his rifle, and looking the picture of disgust.

"Why, the cook has left us without warning, and under the new rules the guide won't get supper," growled the General savagely.

"What has that to do with a 'degenerate age'?" asked the Professor, who manifested no sign of discontent, as he went on calmly smoking his brier-root pipe.

"Why, it marks the complete wreck of household discipline in this country. Formerly, servants gave at least a week's notice before leaving. Now they walk out for good between meals. Such a thing could n't happen in the army. We should simply say, 'You will cook that supper, or you will march to the guard-house,'" retorted the irritated officer.

It was true, as the General stated, that the cook had left the camp soon after we had gone out for the day's hunt. He had pinned

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a badly scrawled note, written on a scrap of brown paper, to the flap of the walled tent, reserved for our bunks at night and for rainy weather, which read: "I wish you fellers good luck, but I'm looking for a better job."

Just as the General called my attention to this unwelcome inscription, the other hunters came into camp with their game, — Governor Soothem and the Reverend Doctor Bodley, preceded by Jim Owens, our guide.

Standing in a compact group, gazing at the startling announcement, no one of our number ventured upon a remark, so great was the astonishment, until the General broke out with a renewed denunciation of this "degenerate age"; which, he declared, would end with the complete ruin of the country.

"Why," interrupted the Governor, laughing, "for my part, I am glad the rascal has gone; he was n't much of a cook, anyway. Jim Owens will cook us a better supper. Jim —"

The guide, who was sharpening a knife

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in preparation for dressing the game, turned abruptly, as his name was called, and responded, "What is it, sir?"

"The cook has vamoosed the ranch," said the Governor, "and we shall have no rations to-night, unless you are willing to cook the supper for us."

Laying down his knife, Jim approached the tent with a look of deep anxiety on his face.

"Why did he go?" he asked in a low tone.

"The only reason given is, that he is looking for a better job."

"In *that* case," replied Jim, as his features lighted up with a smile of happiness, "*I* can cook the supper; and I'll cook you one that will make his'n taste like a copper cent. Fortunately he did n't make no complaint before he went. If he had, the rules of our Brotherhood of Expert Woodsmen would n't allow me to do his work. As it is, there *ain't* no cook, and I'm just a member of the family!" said Jim. And, with a loud guffaw, he began

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to lay dry twigs on the few remaining coals, preparatory to cooking the supper.

"He's a decent sort of a chap," muttered the General, pleased to be reassured after his pessimistic estimate of the guide, and delighted with the sudden prospect of supper.

An hour later a royal repast had been prepared, served, and devoured. Darkness had already come on as we sat about the cheerfully blazing logs Jim had heaped on a deep bed of glowing coals.

"That was a large subject, General, you touched upon before supper, when you made those remarks about this 'degenerate age,'" remarked the Professor, as he lighted a cigar.

"Yes, and I meant every word of what I said," retorted the old warrior. "When I was young, there was some comfort in life, because there was a recognition of natural obligations. The world was not as rich as it is now, but there was more happiness. People really enjoyed staying where they were; but now every one is on the move, not knowing

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where he is going, and not caring much, so long as he can make a change. People will eventually discover that happiness is not to be found in escaping from present surroundings, but in improving them."

We all smiled at this criticism on modern life, and no one of us ventured to contradict the justice of it; for we all knew the General's keen sensibility to opposition, appreciated the fact that he represented an era that has ended, and all of us entertained a sincere fondness for him.

"To what cause do you attribute this condition of things?" inquired Dr. Bodley. "Is it not owing to a disregard of religion?"

"Partly, no doubt," was the reply; "but it goes deeper than that. It grows out of a defiance of the laws of Nature, and the substitution of flimsy fictions for the truth. The modern world is based on a palpable falsehood, — the dogma that, since all human beings are declared to be equal, there is no authority that applies to society as a whole.

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Each one is a law unto himself, seeks his own pleasure, is governed by his own will, and holds himself accountable to no one. But the truth is, no two beings have ever been created exactly alike. Inequality is a law of Nature and the mainspring of progress. It is inequality that makes water run, crops grow, the family possible, and history a reality. No great man has ever been beguiled by this nonsense about the equality of all conditions, of both sexes, and of all ages. Society is a kind of hierarchy; in which age, occupation, education, and experience, added to the original diversity of powers and faculties, create an infinite variety. The whole charm of existence lies in that diversity."

"If it is as you represent, General, will not every one eventually find his own level?" queried the Professor.

"Undoubtedly he would if all human individuals were willing to face the truth, and work out their destinies accordingly. What I complain of is the general lack of honesty

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and courage. Nobody in these days seems disposed to stand up for the authority of reason and conscience. No one appears to have the fortitude to maintain the necessity of obedience as a condition of normal human development. We are becoming degenerate for want of discipline. When our country was newer, discipline was imposed by natural conditions. When we were struggling to save the Union, it was imposed by military and financial necessity. But since we have become rich and have plenty of leisure, we get tired of our parents, of our business, of our homes, of our wives, and of those who might give us useful instruction and advice. I call that condition degenerate," concluded the General, with gravity.

"And yet," observed Governor Soothem, "there has never been a time when political life was purer than it is to-day."

"There has never been a time when political obsequiousness was more abject than it is at this moment," retorted the General earn-

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estly. "In former times, men who were leaders in public affairs laid down the principles to which they adhered, gave their reasons for accepting them, challenged refutation, and debated them without fear. To-day, politicians go about trying to find out what it would be popular for them to advocate; and, when they think they have found it, talk of 'progress,' without defining it, throw discredit upon the past and upon all who oppose them, and solemnly promise that, if *they* are entrusted with power, they will respect and execute the 'will of the people'; as if that had just been heard of for the first time! All they mean by it is, that they wish the people to help them to office, or to keep them in it."

The firelight fell full upon the Governor's handsome face, which visibly darkened as these last words were uttered. "I think, General," he said, after a short silence, "you exaggerate somewhat. What are public officers for if not to execute the will of the people;

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and how are they to do this if they do not ascertain it? The day has passed when one man can impose his own will upon others. Our whole social structure is organized to prevent that kind of subordination of one man to another; and it would be useless — it would also be impossible — to go back to a rule of absolutism. Modern government is based on popular consent."

"There seems to me to be very little 'consent' about it," retorted the General. "It is to a great extent a matter of compulsion; not by the authority of wisdom, experience, and justice, but through some conspiracy against them. That is the rule now, and every social institution is more or less affected by it. In the family, the mother and children frequently unite to control the natural and responsible head of the household, the father; and his wishes and judgment are set aside by the weight of numbers united against him. In a shop, or in a factory, the owner and employer has no longer any con-

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trol of his own affairs. Everything is settled by majorities, and majorities are often wrong. There is a large minority that does not believe in this system. Many submit to it only because they would be persecuted if they did not submit. Take the attitude of Jim Owens, for example. He is a good fellow, fond of his profession of woodcraft; and five years ago he would do anything reasonable his employer wanted him to do and with a glad heart; which obtained for him a well-filled purse when his engagement was finished, and we all looked forward with pleasure to the next season with Jim. Since then the Brotherhood of Expert Woodsmen has been created. A professional 'organizer,' who lives at his ease on a good salary, and has never been five miles into the woods in his life, is the head and front of it, and has caused to be adopted all sorts of silly rules. An expert guide, for example, can no longer be also a cook. You noticed, perhaps, how Jim fairly trembled when you, Governor, proposed

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that *he* cook the supper. He had a vision of that grand personage driving him out of the 'Brotherhood' and making his profession impossible to him. You observed how eagerly he jumped at the fact that Pete had given up his job as cook in the hope of finding a better one, and how gladly he made that an excuse, as a 'member of the family,' for cooking the supper himself, in spite of his 'Brotherhood.'"

"It seems to me, General, that your position is somewhat inconsistent," broke in Dr. Bodley. "You lament the absence of discipline and authority in modern society; yet you condemn the exercise of it by the 'Brotherhood,' and praise the evasion of it by Jim Owens."

The General looked a little confused for a moment by this mild challenge to his notion of authority; then retorted, "But, you see, this 'Brotherhood' has no right to cause us this inconvenience; and it has no right to dictate to Jim Owens what his private conduct shall be."

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"Why not, if he consents to it?" inquired Dr. Bodley.

"But he ought not to consent to it," retorted the General.

"And why not?" asked the Professor with some eagerness. "Who is there to defend the rights of a laboring-man except his associates? And how could they act for one another except through such a 'Brotherhood' as this? I think, General, you have not sufficiently examined the question."

"The General seems to get his ideas mainly from his experience of order and discipline in the army," remarked the Governor. "It would be quite impossible to apply military rules to civil life. Its purposes are different. In an army there is but one purpose, namely, *to overcome the enemy*. In civil life each individual has his own purposes; and, in order to realize them, he must enjoy freedom of action."

"But," interrupted Dr. Bodley, "most of these 'Brotherhoods' do not permit free-

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dom of action. They are organized in order to secure *united* action, under centralized direction. They expect and exact absolute obedience. Some of them are armies, just as truly as those of France or Germany. They are, in a certain sense, fighting machines, designed for the defense of a trade or profession. It may be that some day they may expand and unite in that Great Universal Brotherhood of Man founded some two thousand years ago, and intended to include all mankind; but at present they have not reached that stage of development. On their aggressive side they consider the rest of the world as their natural enemy. They have something of the spirit of that Alexander the coppersmith of whom St. Paul says, 'he did me much evil.' To Alexander as a maker of brass idols to be worshiped by a benighted generation, the Universal Brotherhood appeared the most dangerous enemy of his craft; and he, therefore, united his fellow craftsmen against the larger

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fraternity in the interest of their menaced trade."

"If that Universal Brotherhood of which you speak had been consistently worked out," observed the Governor, "it would no doubt have transformed the world; and these self-protective organizations would have been unnecessary. Unfortunately, it began by damning more than one half of mankind, while pretending to save the remainder."

"No, Governor, you are wrong. It began, if you will read the record rightly, by declaring that *no man need be damned*; that *all* men are the children of a Common Father; and that there is abundant room in his house for all of them. There will never be a true 'Brotherhood' that is not based on that conception. The solvent for all the problems of life is to be found in the larger view. So long as men regard only themselves, and take no account of others, they are blind to the essential realities of human life. No human

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being can completely realize the best elements of his own nature without relation to mankind as a whole, for all men are of the same texture. Virtues and vices have no relation to particular conditions of life, and the attempts to reorganize society that do not recognize this fact can never get beyond a period of strife and antagonism in which success is the result of superior force."

"Well, for my part," resumed the General, "I do not see how the world can be made better except by the use of superior force. That is the way we won our national independence, that is the way we saved the Union, and that is the way in which we shall have to put down anarchy and protect our rights."

"The problem presented," observed the Professor, "seems to me a far more serious one than our rather light way of regarding it would appear to indicate. Such petty annoyances as that which started this conversation are nothing, but the spirit in which

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we consider them is everything. My father — I am rather proud to say — was a working man. It was by great sacrifices on the part of my family that I was sent to college; and I have the right, and I also feel it to be a duty, to speak with seriousness about these things. There is an inherent conflict between different conditions of life; and, unfortunately, circumstances in our economic development are rapidly making it a conflict not only between conditions but between classes. The natural appetites and ambitions of men easily lead them to excesses. This is not a peculiarity of any class, but a characteristic of all classes. There is, or can be produced, only a certain sum of the commodities — or desiderata, if you choose to call them so — of life. These have to be divided, and each seeks to obtain the lion's share. When two men want the same thing, they must either divide it, abandon it, or fight for it. When you have to deal with individuals, division is not so

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difficult; but when you have to deal with classes, sharply defined and arrayed against each other, it grows to be a serious matter. Then it becomes a question of conquest. Life has taken on the form of an organized struggle, a combination of those who already possess to retain and augment their possessions; and, in opposition to them, a combination of those who do not possess to obtain from the others a larger proportion of rewards. | In short, we have entered upon a period of class antagonisms equally dangerous to both sides. Unless some method of conciliation can be found, we are doomed to a state of unending hostilities. If, finally, some of these conflicting interests should combine for their own advantage against a defenseless people, as they may be led to do, we shall witness the most complete chaos that has ever existed in human society."

"This struggle for wealth does not interest me greatly," exclaimed the General. "I can comprehend how men can fight, and *must*

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fight, for *principles*; but I do not at all understand how men can fight about *money*, or the things that money represents. I know that the world is full of men and women whose dying hands clutch a little gold as if they were grasping the rock of salvation; but nothing seems to me so mean, so sordid, so pitiable as a quarrel about money."

"You do not realize, perhaps, General, that it is not always for money alone that this conflict exists. Avarice is a very ancient vice, and it is probably pretty evenly distributed among all classes of men, the rich and the poor alike," said Dr. Bodley. "What gives acuteness to this conflict of which the Professor speaks is a certain sense of wrong that is involved in it. Men have the idea in their efforts to resist one another that great principles are at stake."

"So long as the right of conquest, that is, the right to take and appropriate the goods of one who cannot protect his person or his property, is accepted as a sound principle

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in human society," resumed the Professor, "democracy will prove a failure, just as monarchy has proved a failure. It really matters little, so far as results are concerned, whether the people are robbed by one all-powerful master, or whether they rob one another by working the mechanism of extortion which popular government puts in their hands. I believe —"

But at that moment our attention was arrested by a slight rustling in the underbrush at a distance of about fifty yards from the camp-fire, just beyond the circle of light which it threw out against the blackness of the night. There, flaming out of the darkness, glaring at us, were two motionless bright balls of fire. Behind them was a presence which, though invisible, somehow seemed to make itself felt by every one of our little group. At a short distance from the fire, on the side opposite to where we sat, between us and the two fiery eyeballs that were closely scanning us, stretched out upon his blanket,

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lay the prostrate form of Jim Owens. No one spoke or even stirred, so intense was the momentary hypnotism exercised upon us by the sudden apparition gleaming out of the edge of the forest. By what impulse of instinct it would be difficult to say, Jim Owens, who had appeared to be sleeping the sleep of the just, moved almost imperceptibly, then suddenly brought to position and discharged the rifle that lay by his side. Almost simultaneously with the sharp report a shrill cry rang out on the still night air. Then all was silent.

Without uttering a word, Owens approached the fire, snatched up a burning brand, and holding his gun in one hand walked to the place where the two bright spots had disappeared. A moment later he returned toward us, dragging a heavy weight, and held up before us, as high as his arm could reach, a great cat, whose head touched the ground.

"It's quite some of a catamount," he

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coolly remarked, as he dropped the dead animal; which, as it lay stretched out upon the ground, measured nearly six feet from tip to tip.

"Are you sure he is dead?" somewhat anxiously inquired Dr. Bodley.

"It ain't no 'he,'" replied Jim Owens. "There ought to be some cubs somewhere about here. Perhaps we can find them in the morning, if the old daddy does n't get the bulge on us before daybreak," he added, and resumed his place on his blanket.

"It seems too bad to kill a mother with young," exclaimed Dr. Bodley, his benevolent face showing marks of sympathy with the bereaved family so tragically deprived of their parent, who had been loyally performing her duty in seeking food for them.

"The Professor was speaking of the 'right of conquest,'" observed the General. "It has to be recognized. It lies at the basis of civilization. In fact, the human race could not exist without it. If we had not exter-

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minated savage animals and equally savage men, this would not be to-day a human world; it would be a world of wild beasts. All life is suspended on the issue of battle. The naturalists have recognized it, and they have given us its scientific formula in the expression, 'The struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest.' It has to be so. God has so willed it. Man is no exception. Open your books of history, and you will see it is so. Look at modern nations, — the greatest and the most highly civilized, — and you see that the laws of Nature have not changed. Armed to the teeth, on land and sea, the nations confront one another. Never before in the history of the world has so much money been spent on armaments. What does it all mean? Why, it means that man must fight in order to exist. They talk of peace and fancy it can be bought with money. If it were not for the army and navy, the very treasuries of the peace societies would be looted by invaders!"

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The thrill we had all felt at the sight of the fiery eyes, the thought of the prowling catamount in quest of food for her young, the reflection that, if defenseless and alone, any one of us might have been made a breakfast for these babes of the wood gave a peculiarly sharp note of reality to the General's dogmatic utterances, which his grave face and self-confident manner served to emphasize in a singularly effective way.

A long silence followed, as each of us seemed lost in reflection. Then Dr. Bodley, who had seemed very deeply impressed by the catamount incident, observed: "Of course, General, there is truth in what you say; but it seems to me to be very far from the whole truth. There is, no doubt, a survival of the fittest; but the fact that neither carnivorous beasts nor savage men now figure largely among the survivors on the surface of the earth indicates to me that the struggle for existence is not merely a physical conflict, nor a victory of mere bodily force.

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I take it that there has been a constant triumph of intelligence over force; first, over the animate forces, then over the inanimate, and finally over the domination of men by their stronger fellow men in the forms of slavery, serfdom, and other modes of servitude, which have gradually been superseded by the recognition of the rights of the weak as against the strong, — of unarmed men, of women and children, and, in fact, of all that bear the stamp of humanity, whether able to defend themselves or not. I think the Professor is right when he says that, so long as men accept the right of conquest — and of the possession and control that conquest implies — as a divine ordinance, they are simply living upon the brute plane; and that it matters little what the form of government may be, whether monarchical, democratic, or socialistic, — for I imagine the Professor leans toward a social conception of Government, — so long as the right of one or of many to despoil others is accepted. If na-

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tions would guarantee one another's frontiers, and settle their disputes in accordance with obvious principles of justice, I think it would be greatly to the advantage of all mankind. And if, in their internal organization, the nations would so constitute the State as to defend the weak equally with the strong; that is, to use the whole force of society to establish and execute perfect justice, instead of setting class against class, as we are now doing, we should soon realize from the results that the so-called 'right of conquest,' instead of being a sacred right, is not only without any rightful place in a civilized order of existence, but is the chief obstacle to all social progress. If, for example, the State had at an earlier period taken up the obvious rights of laborers and placed them upon a legal footing, we might have had just and humane regulation of the relations between labor and capital instead of a state of organized warfare between them, based on the conception of the right of conquest, — the

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laborer endeavoring as much as possible to hamper and weaken the power of his employer, and the employer trying to prevent any associated action on the part of his employees for protecting their rights and interests."

"You give me a new idea," exclaimed the Governor. "We have at present innumerable organizations that have been built up privately to serve private interests in matters which the State has refused or neglected to take into account, until we are now confronted with combinations so large, so powerful, so ably organized, as to be not only independent of the State but hostile to it, and even to assume toward it an attitude of defiance. Some of these corporations and associations have developed into veritable *imperia in imperio*, and have become irresistible. In my last election I had to face a peculiar and very embarrassing situation. A certain organization sent a representative to me, who said: 'We wish to

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have your promise on a point which vitally affects our interests. We demand exemption from a certain general obligation imposed by existing law. If you are elected Governor, will you favor us, or will you not? If you do not promise to favor us, we shall defeat you. If you will give us your pledge, we can elect you. What do you say?"

"And how did you answer?" asked the Professor.

"I thought the matter over very carefully. I saw that this organization had it in its power to defeat me. On the principle that the demand was unfair and amounted to duress, I hesitated to make a promise to favor it; but answered that, if the exception they wished could secure a majority in the Legislature, I would not veto it. Privately, however, I hoped it would not pass."

"Well, Governor," broke in the General, "I think you were dead wrong. You should have said, 'Go to the devil with your exception'; should have announced publicly that

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you were thus menaced by a private interest, and should have fought it out. If your 'dear people' are what you take them to be, they would have stood by you and elected you for your grit; and if they are not what you take them for, then you are wrong, and I am right, and what they need is a master. By the way, Governor, I feel a little done out. Have you any of that Old Kentucky Belle left?"

"You will find the flask under my mattress, near the head of my cot," replied the Governor, as the General walked toward the tent.

"There is a knight-errant for you!" said the Professor, as the tall form of General Gorem disappeared within the tent, and the canvas became luminous with the light of the match he struck as he entered. "He is every inch a true soldier and an irreproachable gentleman, but hardly belongs to this age. He often makes me think of Don Quixote, he is so extremely mediæval."

"He is a man of very strong personal

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affections," said Dr. Bodley. "He and Mrs. Gorem differ on the question of woman suffrage, to which he is opposed; but apart from that, his family relations are ideal. So far as his conduct is concerned, in spite of his prejudices, Mrs. Gorem holds him as in the hollow of her hand; partly because he really respects her judgment, which is excellent, and partly because it is her management of their affairs that has for many years kept the wolf from their door. And yet he would not think her capable of choosing a school director. He has a vague notion that all authority comes from a divine decree, that it gets into the world somehow from the top, that it is confined to the male sex, and that it is restricted to such of them as have had the education and training of a gentleman. He wanted to run for Congress, but Mrs. Gorem, knowing how unpopular his views would be, had the sense to refuse him the money for a campaign, and he was obliged to abandon the idea."

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"Did you not, Governor, run up against this woman-suffrage movement at your election? It seems to me that there is another, and a very powerful, *imperium in imperio* preparing that will soon be in full flower," remarked the Professor.

"You are quite right. The movement is a vigorous one, and no politician has dared to oppose it. The more skillful have openly, and sometimes rather boisterously, accepted it. At first, I felt that it was entirely a question for women to decide for themselves. Theoretically, there is no reason why sex should be a bar to political rights. The practical question is, whether or not enough women are prepared to accept political responsibility and perform political duties to make the movement really representative of the best opinion of women generally. Opposing delegations of ladies came to see me, and demanded on the one hand that I should promise to favor, and on the other hand to obstruct, the granting of suffrage to

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women. I saw at once that the positive force would be more effective than the negative obstruction, and I felt obliged to say that I favored the movement," replied the Governor.

"If you were convinced that the placing of the elective franchise in the hands of women would be of real benefit to the community," remarked the Professor, "your decision is laudable; but I have often asked myself upon what this movement is primarily based. If it is founded on the idea that, until women vote, their just rights will not be fully recognized, then it is necessary that they should demand this privilege; but if, on the contrary, it is an attempt to grasp power for its own sake, to be exercised in the spirit of conquest, or of domination, then, it seems to me, it will produce more evil than it will good. A war between the sexes would be more terrible than a war of economic interests. It would destroy the Family and undermine the State. What we

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most need is to preserve and develop social solidarity, which is next in importance to national unity, and, indeed, essential to it. I would like to see the distinction of sex in some way subordinated to the great interests of society as a whole. By that I mean that, instead of developing a new antagonism based on sex, similar to the one now existing based on property, I should like to see the question of sex eliminated, and the rights of all placed under the guardianship of the community as a whole."

As the youngest and least educated member of the company, I had always, in our conversations, observed an habitual reserve; partly because I felt that my companions were able to instruct me upon many subjects, and partly because I have observed that people who cultivate silence usually enjoy a reputation for wisdom which they sometimes suddenly lose when they are so indiscreet as to express their thoughts. But upon this occasion, having once heard an

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eminent person assert that the elective franchise is not a "natural right," but a mere "expedient" for determining the general preference of the community, I decided to risk my chance of acquiring a reputation for wisdom by asking what constituted the veritable political unit.

"Every male person above the age of twenty-one years, barring certain cases of an exceptional nature, such as insane and imbecile persons, criminals of a desperate kind, and unnaturalized foreigners," replied the Governor promptly.

"What is it, then," I asked, "that confers this exclusive privilege — which is not a 'natural right' — to cast a vote? Is it being naturalized, or the ability of a man to survive until the twenty-first year of his life, without regard to intelligence, education, self-support, or interest in the well-being of the community?"

I inferred from the expression of the Governor's face that he thought I had

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become a trifle impertinent; and I began to wonder if I had not taken too great a liberty when I was relieved by the Professor's assertion that the elective franchise, as at present accorded, is more the result of historical accidents than of any kind of scientific analysis.

"What, then," inquired Dr. Bodley, "would the scientific form of suffrage be?"

"First of all," was the reply, "it should be an expression of intelligence. Next, it should be such an expression as would represent the interests of the whole community, not merely of a part of it."

"How could such an expression be obtained?" asked the Doctor.

"I think," responded the Professor, "that it might be best realized if the privilege of voting were accorded to all citizens, irrespective of sex, who are strictly self-supporting. That would exclude all those dependent upon others for their living, and would include all persons of an age of legal

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responsibility who are, in fact, independent members of the community."

"Does it not pretty nearly come to this," asked Dr. Bodley, "that, for political purposes, the rational social unit is the Family? One independent household, one vote. That seems to me a reasonable idea," he continued. "It would avoid the disruption of domestic unity, and it would place authority in responsible hands. It seems absurd for a person dependent upon another for a living to be accorded the power to nullify by a contrary vote the vote of a responsible person, and equally unreasonable for an independent, self-supporting individual to be denied the privilege of self-expression."

"But what is the use of it?" demanded the Governor. "All women are protected by their fathers and brothers."

"Formerly," replied the Professor, "when the occupations of women were entirely domestic, they were protected by the male members of the household; but a great

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change has occurred. Women now work in factories and in offices, practice professions, and carry on business in their own name. An entirely new class of citizens has sprung up within a few decades, but without any important changes in the relation of its members to the State. Not very long ago a woman was regarded and treated as a possession rather than as a person. She went with the land, — when the land did not go with her, — and she was considered a legitimate object of the sacred right of conquest. Now, many women have become entirely independent, so far as self-support, fortune, and occupation are concerned. The change that has occurred in the actual status of woman justifies a new relation on her part to the State. It will be fortunate if the fact is recognized without a conflict that would involve a vital injury to society."

"I agree entirely," said Dr. Bodley, "with what the Professor has said regarding the deplorable consequences of a conflict between

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the sexes, whether physical or merely doctrinal; and I especially like what he has said about the spirit of conquest as the great enemy of mankind. In my opinion, you can never successfully base human society on antagonisms, or the results of antagonism. It was certainly a great step forward when men succeeded in substituting for the triumph of mere brute force the idea of a community based on individual rights, which the whole membership agreed to unite in protecting; but I do not believe that is the last word of social evolution. We see very plainly that rights — or what are alleged to be rights — conflict; and that, while the conflict is thus carried up into a higher sphere, where intelligence has a larger play and justice a firmer foothold, it remains a conflict which our modern democracy has not essentially ameliorated. I believe that, when we have passed through this stage of development, we may, if we so choose, enter upon another and a higher stage. Suppose

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we start from another point of view; and, rising above the conflict of rights, contemplate the harmony of duties?"

"That is impossible," exclaimed the Governor, with a slight curl of his upper lip.

"But why is it not possible?" insisted the Doctor, "since all rights imply duties? What right have you that it is not my duty to respect?"

"That is a different way to look at it," retorted the Governor, "and, in my opinion, an impracticable way, since rights are so much more *obvious* than duties. Every man knows his rights, but men are often unconcerned about their duties."

"The important point is, that men cannot *have* their rights unless *others* perform their duties toward them."

"That is too much to expect," replied the Governor. "When a man can have what he wants, the question of rights and duties does not bother him."

"But," said the Doctor, "it bothers the

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others, who are not getting their rights, does it not? And that is where the conflict begins. The so-called right of conquest would never be supposed to be a right if society were founded on the idea of duty."

"But it is not, never has been, and never can be," rejoined the Governor; "for the reason that all human relations are based on pure selfishness."

"That is not clear to me," replied Dr. Bodley. "Even catamount society is not founded on pure selfishness. The higher representatives of the feline species are said to be strictly monogamous. Both father and mother provide for and protect their offspring. The human race has risen a little higher, and now not only possesses the Family, but the State, for which men have willingly fought and died, not for the sake of personal gain, but that the nation might live and that justice might be done. So far as I can see, everything really great and admirable in human society has had its birth in a

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sense of duty. Not only our national existence, but our churches, our schools and colleges, our hospitals, our educational and medical missions — in short, all that brightens and glorifies our civilization — may be traced to the same source. Not one of these things owes its origin to a struggle on the part of men for their own rights."

"But, all the same," insisted the Governor, "a man who does not defend his own rights is liable to be deprived of them. Where, for example, would Jim Owens be, at this moment, if he had entrusted his right to live to the catamount's sense of duty?"

"In a civilized state of society," replied Dr. Bodley, "there should be no catamounts. It is the evident duty of the State to see that all life and property are protected, and especially the rights of those who are unable to protect themselves."

At this moment the half-clad figure of the General appeared at the doorway of the tent. "Are you never coming to bed?" he de-

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manded. "Don't you see it is already daylight?"

"No," called out the Governor, "it is only moonshine!"

In fact, the moon had risen, and hung full-orbed in the eastern sky, darting her shafts of silver over the tree-tops, and casting a weird spell upon the silent forest, in which we beheld — and yet could not clearly distinguish — the outlines of the great masses through which the moonbeams were struggling.

"How well these moods of Nature illustrate human progress," I reflected, as we all turned in for the night. "Is it possible that Dr. Bodley's idea of a State based on the conception of duty, with the right of conquest left out, could ever find a place in a real world? Are we making any progress toward it? It would be interesting to know."

II

A NEGLECTED DUTY OF THE STATE

LONG before sunrise all were astir in our hunting-camp. Jim Owens had built a fire, but there were no other signs of breakfast. Pete, the cook, had returned, and was waiting for a conference; and until his status was settled, poor Jim did not dare hang a kettle over the fire.

Volunteering as spokesman, — a position to which his experience in public life and his exalted station properly entitled him, — Governor Soothem undertook the task of adjusting matters with Pete; to whom he said: —

“Well, Pete, I see you are back. Are you ready to go to work?”

“Not without conditions,” was the prompt reply.

“What conditions?” asked the Governor.

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"Well, you see, when I went away yesterday, I left word that I was looking for a better job; but when I got to Bangor I found the place I expected to have was taken, and I have come back. I did n't tell the *real* reason why I left. You fellers have been good to me, and it ain't for wages that I quit. I could n't quite bear to tell you, out here in the woods, but serious trouble was brewing."

"Why, how is this, Pete? You never said anything about any trouble. I don't understand," said the Governor.

"Well, you see, yesterday forenoon, a feller came along by here and asked if I had any 'C.C.C.' I told him no, and then I saw what a mistake I had made. He was an inspector of the 'C.C.C.' Company."

"The 'C.C.C.' Company? And what had he to do with you, anyway?"

"Why, he was out to see if I was living up to our contract. You understand we have a contract with the 'C.C.C.' Company. The fact is, I should never have come out here

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without a fifty-cent can. I'm safe now, though. I've brought one out with me."

"Fifty-cent can? What are you talking about?" demanded the Governor, in perplexity, and fearing that Pete's visit to civilization had led him into a dramshop.

"It is this way, Governor. In the last strike we had with the hotels, the 'C.C.C.' people said if we'd stand by them and agree to use the 'C.C.C.' exclusively, they'd stand by us and advance us a month's wages to hold out with. We took their money, and agreed that we would never fry with anything but 'C.C.C.'"

"And who are 'we'?"

"Why, the Confederated Company of Complete Cooks, of course, of which I am a member."

"And what is this 'C.C.C.' you are talking about?" inquired the Professor.

"It's a patent artificial substitute for natural fats, such as pork, lard, butter, and oil, put up by the Consolidated Chemical

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Compound Company, and called by us, for short, 'C.C.C.,' " answered Pete.

"Can't we arbitrate this matter with you, Pete?" asked the Governor blandly.

"No, sir; the matter is one of contract, over which I have no control. I *must* use the 'C.C.C.' or boil the fish. You may have noticed that your game has always been either boiled or roasted. I have tried to accommodate you in that way," said Pete gravely.

"Is this a *law* you are talking about?" interrupted the General.

"It is one of the engagements of our society," replied Pete firmly, undismayed by the General's somewhat menacing attitude.

"Well, if that is all," roared the General, "get out of this camp, and tell your society to go to thunder! I'll do the cooking myself before I will have any of your miserable 'C.C.C.' about my food."

"But General," expostulated the Gov-

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error, "do not offend this man. You do not realize what the result may be for me. The next election —"

"This is too much for human flesh to bear. I can go hungry, — I have done that before; — or I can cook a breakfast, if I must; — I have done that before, too, a long time ago; — but I will be eternally —"

"But, perhaps his 'C.C.C.' is not so bad, after all; they say they use it in many hotels, and —"

"Governor, I do not wish to quarrel with you, but if you insist on parleying with this man, I must leave this place. I will not be dictated to by a lot of —"

"I fear, my dear General, it will be very unfortunate for me if I am forced into an altercation with this great organization of our fellow citizens, who are certainly not beyond their rights in laying down the conditions of their profession. I, at least, wish to go on record as sustaining the obligation of a contract entered into freely, for which

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a consideration has already been received. You do not fully comprehend, my dear General, the extreme embarrassment that would confront me if the 'Daily Perambulator,' whose stock is principally owned by this powerful company, should send a reporter out here to investigate this incident, or should print the story which this man will probably tell if he is not retained."

"Retain him if you like, Governor, but I shall partake of nothing that comes from his hands. I will get my own breakfast, and after that we shall see."

And thus the matter was compromised. The General had his way, and the Governor was saved. Fish was excluded from our *menu*, and roast buck was ordered for supper, with the understanding that nothing should be fried, and that Jim Owens should in the course of the day manage to procure a can of condensed milk from a grocery, five miles away, upon which the General declared he preferred to make his evening meal, with a

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dash of Old Kentucky Belle to give his bread and milk a flavor.

We had poor luck at hunting that day, our moral equilibrium having been upset by the controversy in the early morning. But in the evening, when the General had shown his independence by dining on bread and milk, and the rest of us our spirit of compromise by restricting ourselves to roast deer and boiled potatoes, the soft, conciliatory influence of a mellow pipe, or a good cigar, gradually gave us the sentiment of being once more almost human, as our ruffled feelings passed away.

Jim Owens, whose big heart was always touched by distress, had seemed to comprehend our need of extra cheer, and had built a fire that made us feel as if we were celebrating some important national fête.

I had feared that the conversation this evening would be unusually dull and depressing; and on account of my own youth and ignorance, I felt unable to encourage the

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liveliness I was confident would be wanting. I was confirmed in this apprehension when, after a quarter of an hour of sodden silence, no one had ventured to make a single observation. The situation had become truly painful.

The little hope I treasured of a change of mood was pivoted on the habitual effusiveness of the General, upon whom it was a great mental and physical strain to remain long silent in the presence of others; and I felt a sudden access of joy when he finally burst out with, "I knew it would come to this. Here we are in the midst of complete anarchy! That infernal 'C.C.C.' Company has us all in its grasp. Not a man in this camp who is not in some way touched by its malign influence. Freedom? Why, it has perished utterly. And you, Governor, you, our old friend," — and his voice here quavered perceptibly, — "upon whose brilliant youth we all rested such expectations of reform and progress, you, whose mellifluous

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accents have so often awakened in the public mind dreams of the millennium, in this emergency you flatten out like a pancake, and helplessly submit—the Governor of our State—to the dictation of a set of insolent brigands who want to force starvation upon us if we do not accept and swallow their cursed canned impudence! And all this, here, under the open sky, in the primeval forest, where once the noble red man fought his enemies and lived his glad life of splendid liberty! They penetrate even here with their preposterous ‘C.C.C.’”

“My dear General,” remarked the Governor, in an expostulatory tone, “you do not realize that with the development of civilization there come certain evils along with its incalculable benefits. Men are no longer living a life of relative isolation. We are all related in a thousand new ways with our fellow men. The principle of association, on which all human civilization is based, has taken on many new forms. What is more

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natural than that men of the same calling should seek to protect their common interests; that they should band themselves together for certain purposes, such as securing to themselves a proper remuneration, ameliorating the conditions of their existence; and finally resisting those that oppose their uniting in this manner? You seem to blame me for my sympathy with the aims and purposes of these people who serve us, and without whose service life would be intolerable. How can I act otherwise, I, the chief magistrate of a great commonwealth? without their unions these working-people would be absolutely helpless, entirely defenseless, and at the mercy of employers wholly out of sympathy with their lowly lot in life. You would have thought nothing of it if, for spoiling a dinner, we had ordered Pete to leave the camp, and had driven him out homeless and penniless into the wilderness."

"Now, Governor, you are going too far,"

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retorted the General. "You know very well that I would not be so heartless as that. If Pete spoiled the dinner, I would not go beyond scolding him; just giving him a piece of my mind, in order to rescue him from his innate lethargy, and stimulate what little mentality there is in him; and I certainly would not turn him off in an inhuman fashion. I would only teach him what he ought to know, and make a good servant of him. You do me an injustice in thinking I do not know how to treat inferiors. All my orderlies have been strongly attached to me. The relation of master and servant is not only perfectly normal, it is Biblical; and St. Paul tells us how they should get on together. You can imagine what *his* views would have been on this 'C.C.C.' infamy."

"There is one thing you overlook, General," remarked the Professor. "A radical transformation of society has occurred. When families lived apart, in the country, each household had its own industries and

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its own personnel to carry them on. The relation of master and servant was direct, personal, and intimate. They came into daily contact, knew each others' virtues and failings, worshiped at the same altar, and when sickness and trouble came to the family of the servant the master looked after them, and in return those who served showed in many delicate attentions their sympathy with the sorrows of their employers. Good times and bad times were shared together. Nobody was left suddenly without service, and nobody was cast adrift without the necessities of life, to become a homeless wanderer, thinking of suicide, perhaps, as the only way to rest and oblivion. Now all is changed. Men are massed together in cities. We live in a day of great organizations. I will not speak of the immense mills and factories, owned by corporations, managed by persons employed for that purpose, and controlled by boards or committees that meet once a month, where the owner and

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ultimate employer and the operative never meet, never know of each other's life, — a situation, from which the human heart is wholly eliminated and has no chance of entering into the sorrows, the privations, and the difficulties on both sides. But let me take an illustration in point. Here is a great hotel, twenty stories high. In it live a thousand people. In the basement, or just under the roof, is an enormous overheated kitchen. Here food is prepared for all these varied tastes by an army of cooks, from five o'clock in the morning until two or three o'clock at night. One of these cooks inadvertently burns a steak that would bring, if just right, three dollars on the table. The manager sends him out, without notice, without credentials. Where can he go, and what can he do? Why, he goes to his Union. His Union protects him, and asks to have him taken back. He is refused, and the whole gang marches out. They stay out. The 'C.C.C.' offers them aid. They accept

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it. A foolish bargain is made, perhaps. It is an error, no doubt; but do you think it should be treated as a crime?"

"This seems to me a little complicated," observed the General. "We are not running a hotel twenty stories high in this camp. We are just a quintette of quiet and respectable gentlemen here in the woods for an outing. We employ a cook, and he comes at us with a great organization at his back that dictates what we shall eat. If that is the result of popular rule, I am opposed to popular rule. It would be ridiculous if it were not such a piece of insolence!"

"But, you see, General, these rules have to be universal and must apply to all," remarked the Governor.

"Then these rules, made by a particular set of men, in their own interest, have the force of *laws*," retorted the General. "This is not legislation by a majority, — which Heaven knows is often bad enough, it is legislation by a small minority."

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"Yes, it is, undoubtedly, an *imperium in imperio*," said Dr. Bodley; "a government within a government, a government by a minority, as absolute as the decree of a Roman dictator or an *irade* of the Sultan, and without any constitutional limitations, without any kind of judicial provision, and—"

"Without any regard for varied circumstances!" exclaimed the General.

"I cannot exactly deny what you say," observed the Governor; "but I must still insist that the action of this society is not in any sense illegal, and it is not without reason. The Confederated Company of Complete Cooks might have been somewhat more considerate and have made a distinction between corporate and private service; but I suppose they were thinking only of a means of redressing what they considered their wrongs, and felt fully justified in their action. And you must not blame these people because, in their helplessness, they sought to protect themselves. They are not the only organi-

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zation that does this. Great and powerful companies, with plenty of money to back their undertakings, control legislatures, and influence executive elections and judicial appointments in their own interest. They, too, make rules, or agreements, which have the force of legislative acts, so far as the people are concerned; but they do not usually touch us quite so personally as the case in question. If you condemn one, you must condemn all. We have innumerable *imperia in imperio*. Every form of monopoly has that effect. It creates a situation which is imperative. And what do you propose to do about it?"

"Whatever we do about it," said Dr. Bodley, "it is useless, and even unjust, to blame any individual. Men are often the victims of their environment and of circumstances which are fatal to their good intentions. I have in my church both operatives and capitalists, and some of them are the finest, truest, noblest men I know. Human

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intelligence varies greatly, but human instincts are practically uniform. Some men are more just, more generous, and more rational than others; but, when you come down to the quick, every human being will wince under the knife, and everything that lives will try to protect its life by any and all means.

"I recall how bitter the conflict was, two years ago, when we had the great street-car strike. Men in my congregation refused to meet in church, and stayed away. When I went to them about it, the president of the company said to me: 'These men are wild beasts. They have been burning our cars, tearing up our tracks, and shooting with intent to kill at our men brought from another city.' When I went to the men they said: 'These capitalists, who insist on eight per cent dividends on watered stock, expect us to run their cars day and night until we are nearly dead with fatigue; and in constant terror lest, from sheer exhaustion, we may

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run over women and children in the street, — and this for wages on which we cannot live.’

“I tried to mediate between these angry belligerents, whose warfare suspended traffic and menaced the city with anarchy; but though I enjoyed the respect and confidence of both sides, at first I could make no impression upon either. Never in the private wars of the Middle Ages was there more bitter hatred, nor a more implacable sentiment of scorn and contempt for any kind of authority. Each side felt sure it was right, and that war must be continued until one or the other was ready to cry for mercy.”

“And what did the public authorities do?” inquired the Professor.

“For a week they did nothing. Then, after much property had been destroyed and several lives had been lost, the police undertook to act, but found themselves helpless. The Mayor telegraphed the Governor to send troops; but the Governor, wishing as he said to avoid bloodshed, sent a military aide

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to examine into the situation and report. In the mean time, I went to the houses of the men in my church and to that of the president of the company, and asked them to pray with me. Not one of them would comply; but when I prayed for them in their presence, several, including the president, broke down and wept. The president called his directors together, but for two days he could not move them. The men I had influenced tried to check the others. I do not know what would have happened; but when a gang of strike-breakers was marching toward the car-sheds a volley was fired from the window of a tenement house, and little Nellie Lipinski, who was running across the street, fell dead in the middle of the way, struck in the back by a rifle-ball shot by her own father."

The Governor looked disturbed, but remained silent.

"That is the fruit of your popular rule," growled the General.

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Aroused by this, the Governor looked resentfully at the General, and asked, "What, then, would *you* do? Do you want a dictator to rule over you? If you cannot trust the people, whom can you trust? We are a self-governing people, and it is too late in the history of the world for anything but self-government. The Russians, the Turks, and now the Chinese are tending toward it. The people know what they want, and their will is ultimate. There is no use contesting it."

"I do not think such conflicts as I have described are in accordance with the will of the people, or in any way express that will," interrupted Dr. Bodley. "They are attacks on life and property, growing out of what are felt to be unendurable wrongs. As I said, there is no use blaming men for acting as their sense of self-preservation compels them to act. There seems to be a deficiency in our system. There is something wanting to make it perfect, something apparently overlooked, and therefore not provided for."

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“Not only the fact of a deficiency, but the nature of it is perfectly evident,” remarked the Professor. “Our system of government was designed to protect individual rights and to control and repress individual violations of rights. Within its own proper sphere it has worked very satisfactorily; more satisfactorily, probably, than any other system would have worked. The system was not designed for a community in which great and powerful private corporate associations exist. When our Federal Government was devised there were no such entities in existence. They have been developed, and inevitably developed, as the concomitants of modern industrialism, — great railroad and manufacturing companies, and associations of workingmen aiming to protect themselves against the despotism of huge, impersonal organizations, in which the ordinary feelings of a human individual have no place. It is not that the men forming these great organizations are bad or inhuman. These associa-

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tions are formed for economic ends, and they are so organized as to pursue, promote, and accomplish those ends. These corporations neither feel nor reason, they simply move, as they have been designed to move; that is, to produce the greatest amount of gain. Individual men feel and reason; and if you can detach them momentarily, as Dr. Bodley tried to do in the great strike, from their places as mere cogs and wheels and pinions in the vast machine of which they form a part, you find them perfectly human, full of sympathy, and loyal to ideals of justice. It does not at all follow that our system is fundamentally wrong, or essentially imperfect. The General finds fault with 'popular rule.' Popular rule is not at fault because it does not any longer exist. It has been superseded by the conflict of interests. As long as that conflict lasts, trouble will endure. There is no rational man who is prepared in serious debate to defend the right of conquest, either international, political, or individual. It

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means, when analyzed and defined, the right of the stronger, physically or intellectually, to despoil the weaker; that is, to take away, without his consent and against his resistance, what rightly belongs to some one else."

"You are getting down now," said the Governor, "to the question of the right of property. People entertain different views on that subject. To my mind some possess altogether too much, and others altogether too little."

"On what basis would you settle that point, Governor?" inquired the Professor. "Would you have those who possess nothing, or but little, take what they please from those who, they think, possess too much? And if there is no right of property on the part of the one who already possesses, where does he who does not possess find a basis of right for demanding part of another's property? If there is no such thing as a right of property, does it not come back to a mere question of

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superior force? — that is, the right of conquest, or the mere power to take away?"

"Well, of course," replied the Governor, "there is a right of property. When a man has earned a dollar, no one has a right to take it away from him by force or by fraud."

"But suppose he earns ten thousand dollars a year, and chooses to save the half of it for his old age, or any other sum he is able to earn, is it right to take it away from him, or any proportion of it that is not equable and necessary for public use?" asked Dr. Bodley.

"I think we do not need to go into details on this subject," answered the Governor. "But there is a great difference between private and corporate wealth."

"How is that?" inquired the Doctor.

"Why, because strictly private wealth is acquired in a field of open, individual competition, — I mean now supposing that corporations did not exist, as they did not to any great extent when our government was

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devised; — while corporate wealth is in great measure acquired by the establishment of some kind of a monopoly. A railroad, for example, chartered and constructed between two cities, practically renders any other railroad between them impossible unless those cities grow to become very great and populous. Even then it may be difficult to get a charter for a new railroad if the old one exercises its influence with the Legislature and with the press against it. Thus that corporation becomes practically a monopoly, and can increase its stock periodically by distribution to the stockholders because the corporation has increased its earnings."

"But," inquired Dr. Bodley, "if men have the skill and enterprise to do these things, do you not think, in all fairness, they ought to be well rewarded? They have to take in the start a great risk, and many such undertakings do not pay. When they do pay, is it fair to treat success as if it were a crime? By doing that you destroy the spirit of enter-

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prise altogether, without which our whole population would relapse into the condition of a hopeless, stagnant peasantry."

"That is true," said the Professor. "Such a consequence would be most unfortunate. We cannot turn back the hand on the dial of our economic development. We live in an age of corporate industry. Internationally, it would be suicide for us to abolish or to cripple corporate development. We have won by it our place among the manufacturing and exporting nations. What we need to realize is that we have wholly new problems to solve, and that the ideals of old-fashioned individualistic democracy are no longer sufficient. We must find means justly, peacefully, and effectually to regulate our new economic existence. We should cheerfully face the facts of our new social environment and expand our ideas accordingly."

"Where shall we look for a remedy for existing and prospective evils if not to religion?" asked Dr. Bodley.

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"Religion is an excellent motive power," replied the professor, "but it does not furnish, and it never has furnished, a complete solution for problems of government. Self-government, on which the Governor rightly insists, has to be worked out by us men, in godly fear and reverence, if you please, but also in terms of human comprehension and sympathy. Our appeal must be to the State. When you intervened in the great strike, religion did not settle it. Men whom you believed to be truly religious were on both sides. If the State had had a method of interfering, it might have been different; I do not mean in the moment when the forces were actually arrayed against each other, but before they were brought into conflict. There is where the deficiency lies. We have developed powerful *imperia in imperio*, without having at the same time developed a means of regulating and controlling them by principles of justice. We are organized for dealing with individuals, but not for dealing with

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these new factors in our economic life. In fact, many of them would never have come into existence if it had not been that the State has neglected to prevent forms of injustice which have constituted reasons, or at least opportunities, for creating them."

I had taken all these notes very carefully, but not being much of a scholar, I had not fully understood some of the arguments.

"May I venture to ask," I inquired, "just what an '*imperia in imperio*' is?"

"The word *imperium*," responded the Professor, smiling, "is a Latin word which signifies 'supreme authority'; and the form *imperia* is the Latin plural of it. The expression *imperia in imperio* means 'supreme authorities *within* a supreme authority.'"

"But that is nonsense!" I exclaimed. "Of a given set of authorities only *one* can be *supreme*, the others are subordinate."

"That is true," replied the Professor; "but when several authorities all *claim* to be supreme, the question which one really *is* so

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has to be settled. Some of these organizations, either chartered by the State or purely voluntary associations, exercise powers which, so far, the State has not controlled, and does not know how to control. The State is the normal, authoritative, and universal institution of justice, based upon a Constitution, framed by the people, for the purpose of securing justice to all. When it is well organized and serves its intended purpose, all men and all combinations of men obey its laws and look to it, and to it alone, for the protection of their rights. When, on the contrary, it does not offer this protection, men arm themselves and unite their forces for their own protection; or, if the danger is not immediate, they form societies to consider how and by what means they may best protect their rights. When these associations become more powerful than the State, they make laws of their own which the State does not sanction, or exercise such an influence as to obtain control of the State against the

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interests of the people as a whole; then they become *imperia in imperio*."

"Thank you, Professor," I said, "the explanation is very lucid. When these associations make rules which the State has not made and can enforce them, then the State has practically passed out of existence; or, to put it differently, the associations have taken the place of the State. Is that it?"

"That is what would happen if the process should go on uninterruptedly," replied the Professor.

"These people would then command the army and the navy, would they not?" asked the General.

"They have come very near to it, at times, already," answered the Professor.

"How is that?" snapped out the Governor.

"By their influence on politics," retorted the Professor. "These *imperia* have sometimes tried to obtain the help of our navy to aid them in collecting bad or fictitious debts which they claimed were owing to them in

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foreign countries; and our militia has sometimes been rendered immobile when its presence might have prevented riots."

The Governor became deadly pale. "In a free government the control of military action is a matter of extreme delicacy," he observed. "Our citizens are self-regulative. It is better that property should be destroyed — especially corporate property — rather than that life should be taken by an armed force under the civil authority."

"But what if life is taken by excited persons who are waging a private war, Governor?" inquired Dr. Bodley.

But the Governor did not have time to answer. The General had grown impatient with this long discussion, and had made up his mind to end it.

"The protection of life and property justifies almost any action by the State," he said, "because that is what the State is for; but the State will never be able to do its duty so long as politicians are afraid to act."

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The Governor looked embarrassed; but, disregarding the General's insinuation, he turned to the Professor with the question, "Under what law would you have an executive act? The liberties of the people are far more precious than their property."

"I am not in favor of precipitate or unauthorized executive action," replied the Professor. "What I contend for is the duty of the State to protect all life and all property from violence, — from the violence of masses of men as well as from that of individual men, at all times, and under all circumstances."

"But how can you execute laws against a mob? Suppose the mob does not respect the law, what then?"

"I would not wait for mobs to form; I would make provisions that individual men would so respect, and that public sentiment would so uphold, that there would be no occasion for violence."

"You speak of 'provisions.' What provisions could you make?"

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"The State should insist that all disputes between capital and labor should be pacifically adjudicated. I would substitute for economic war economic justice."

"But that would require new laws, and we already have too much legislation," observed the Governor. "You don't comprehend the difficulties that stand in the way of what you suggest. There is, first of all, the great principle of freedom of contract. Then there is the ever-vexing question of wages. How can a third party determine what an employer is to pay or an employee to receive? State your programme in full, Professor," he continued, with a satirical expression. "What law do you propose?"

"Would not arbitration do as well?" asked Dr. Bodley.

"Not unless it is made obligatory," replied the Professor. "Arbitration aims at compromise, and both sides are often unyielding; and yet, at the heart of every controversy there is a principle of justice which, if recog-

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nized, should secure a satisfactory settlement."

"I see you evade my question," interrupted the Governor. "State your law."

"You demand too much, Governor," returned the Professor. "It is not the business of one man to make laws, or for men who have not minutely analyzed all the conditions even to propose them. You say we have already too much legislation, and I agree with you. Too much of it has been extemporized, and too much of it has been pressed by interested parties. My idea is that an industrial code, acceptable to employers and employed alike, could be devised by a commission representing every interest and every point of view, and the State could then make it authoritative. We have, it is true, already had altogether too much half-baked legislation applied to the business world, and it has set us all by the ears. The public has said, 'Execute the law'; and the politicians have outdone one another in

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promising to do it, with the result that we have terrorized business men with the possibility of imprisonment for actions that they never knew were illegal and which have long been customary. We do not want government by prosecution, any more than we want settlements by violence. What we want is a government of just and equal laws, and a spirit of submission to them; but the first essential is that the law should be clear."

"There seems to me something in what the Professor is saying," observed Dr. Bodley. "We have to choose between economic war and economic conciliation. Voluntary conciliation is not always possible. It does really seem as if it were the duty of the State to enforce conciliation in the public interest."

"Neither the business world nor the laboring element wants anything of the kind," said the Governor. "Both would be frightened by any new proposals. What they want is to be let alone. There is a militant spirit that does not admit of conciliation, but

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urges a bitter attack all along the line; and there is a feeling of resentment on the part of many toward any outside interference in their affairs. No political party will ever dare to take up this cause of social justice. Your theories are all chimerical, Professor; and you would better expend your energies upon some other subject, — one, for example, which you understand.”

“And yet,” protested Dr. Bodley, “it seems intolerable to think that the world must go on passively enduring the disquietude, injustice, and fear of violence which at present oppress both rich and poor. It seems at times as if reason had no place in human life, and as if we were all under the dominion of a blind, relentless Fate, bearing us on to unseen catastrophes.”

Dr. Bodley had not yet finished speaking when we all noticed that the General had risen to his feet. “You talk about the State, Professor; and you, Governor, say that no political party will ever dare to take

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up the cause of social justice. What, then, is to become of the country? What, after all, is the State but an expression of public sentiment? In itself it is nothing, yet it may become just what its citizenship means to make it. No one can deny that the State ought to do what the Professor says it should do; but you, Governor, say it is impossible. Why is it impossible? Because of cowardice! Because men in public life do not dare to do their duty. What this country needs is a few men of moral courage; a few men who don't care for public office, or at least realize that the honor of it does not consist in holding office but in filling it. The Governor is, no doubt, right in thinking that men are not ready to take personal risks in the interest of justice and the public peace. The trouble is, we have become a race of cowards! What we need is a great national crisis, an old-fashioned war, perhaps, to stir our blood and bring us back to a sense of manhood. It is easy to attack windmills, and make a pre-

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tense of valor by assaulting unpopular men and actions, exciting animosity against them, and parading as the protagonists of virtue. It is quite another thing to condemn popular vices and the errors of the multitude. The men who do that are soon on their way to Golgotha, soon nailed to the cross, and left to perish with the miserable thieves whom the more successful robbers have condemned to death. And yet the only lasting glory that illuminates this earth is that which glows forever from the grave of sacrifice."

At that moment a sharp cry broke out on the night air. The words, "*It has to be,*" seemed to issue from the bank of the lake, some hundred yards from where we sat. Some one called for Jim Owens to tell us what had happened, but there was no response. We all dashed toward the lake. The moon had not yet risen, and beyond the circle of light from our camp-fire all was blackness. I heard the Governor, who was running by my side, stumble and fall. In daylight I

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should have stopped to see if he was hurt and to help him to his feet; but an irresistible impulse urged me toward the lake. When I reached the bank I knew some one had preceded me, for I heard a splash in the water, as if a heavy body had plunged in. Then I heard the strokes of a swimmer. Dr. Bodley arrived at my side. We stood helplessly on the bank, gazing at the water, which the starlight now for the first time made visible. A short silence followed. Then we heard a low voice from the water, which seemed to say, "*Don't struggle, or I'll choke the life out of you!*" This was followed by a sound like the whirling of a big wheel in the water. A gray head was dimly seen, then a white face turned upward, which followed the gray head. A moment later the General stepped out of the water, dragging a senseless body. We approached; and Owens, who had arrived from a short absence in the woods, struck a match. It was Pete, the cook, who had been saved from drowning.

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"Governor," commanded the General, "bring this man some of that Old Kentucky Belle."

The Governor, who had arrived breathless on the bank of the lake, obeyed promptly, without a word. When the flask was brought, the General, who had been busy applying first aid to the half-drowned man, stooped, and put the nozzle to Pete's lips; then he held it up to the light cast by a splinter of pitch-pine with which Jim Owens was trying to illuminate our improvised hospital. It was nearly empty.

"He will need it all," the old man said, with an expression of sadness in his face; then he fell over in a dead faint by the side of Pete.

III

THE SEAT OF PUBLIC AUTHORITY

THE sun was halfway up to the zenith when the flap of our tent opened, and Jim Owens, thrusting his head into the triangular aperture, called out, "Gentlemen, breakfast is ready!"

There had been little sleep in our camp the previous night; for, between care of the General, whose exposure to heart-failure had been imminent, and attentions to Pete, whose recall to this world of light and shadow had for some time remained uncertain, we had managed only by diligent friction and the employment of hot and cold appliances to keep life in their bodies. But our rude remedies had at last triumphed, and toward morning we had left Pete rolled up in blankets by the fire, under the faithful watch-care of Jim Owens, and had tucked

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the General in his little folding cot, over which I had watched until the steady, rhythmic breathing of the old soldier had assured me of his improved condition, and at last lulled me to sleep by its unbroken monotony.

The General was wide awake now, and his florid color had returned.

"How is Pete?" he inquired, as he noticed Jim Owens peering in at him.

"Oh, he's all right," was the cheerful response. "He's frying a mess of trout I caught this morning."

"What?" exclaimed the General, "with 'C.C.C.'?"

"No, with slices of salt port; and you can hear them sizzle in the pan from here. Listen." And, stepping aside, he gave the flap of the tent a dexterous fling backward, and we actually heard a frisky sputtering, while the rich aroma of frying pork and steaming coffee was wafted in upon us, like a zephyr from Araby the Blest.

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The Governor, who had just awakened, was now sitting on the edge of his cot.

"That was a gallant deed you did last night, General, for a man of your age."

"Age has nothing to do with it. Besides, I am only seventy-five," returned the General. "By the way, Governor, have you any more Old Kentucky Belle in your bed-clothes?"

"No, but there is somewhere about the camp a quart bottle of grape-juice," replied the Governor.

"Of *what*?" demanded the old gentleman.

"Of *grape-juice*," repeated the Governor.

"That stuff is too young to have any wisdom; and it is dangerous to put new wine into old bottles, the Bible says. You might send it out to Pete. After last night's bath a long, sweet, wet drink might be in his line."

"How *is* Pete?" inquired the Governor of Jim Owens, who was still at the tent door.

"He's all right, Governor, and says he is now a free man. He wrote out his resigna-

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tion this morning from the Confederated Company of Complete Cooks."

"Why did he do that?"

"Well, you see, his constant exposure to intense heat has set the wheels in his head a-running a little too fast. He has had trouble, too, about his wife, who seems to prefer another man. He became very morbid last evening; sent me off on an errand to the woods, so as to get me out of the way; and decided that he would throw himself into the lake. He confided to me yesterday that it hurt him terribly to think that a gentleman like the General would n't eat his cooking, and had to get his own breakfast, and to dine on condensed milk. He was all the time muttering to himself, '*It has to be, it has to be*'; without saying what had to be. I found out this morning that between his fear of that 'Supreme Council,' as he calls it, of his society and his unhappy state of mind about the way he was treating the General, he suddenly resolved to end his life. This morn-

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ing he was himself again, and the first thing he did was to write to his society a letter of resignation, and then asked me if I could n't go and catch some fish."

There was practically no hunting done that day. We were fearful that strenuous exercise might bring on a relapse in the General's condition, and knew well that, if we left him, he would insist on some exploit of his own. We even spent some time in deliberating upon the best way to convey him to the railway station, twelve miles distant; but when he got wind of what we were plotting, he indignantly insisted that he had no idea of leaving us until the end of the week, when he had promised Mrs. Gorem to return; and declared that he could never explain to that strict disciplinarian's satisfaction an earlier arrival home.

The day passed imperceptibly, as all days pass that are not filled with definite activities; and, before evening, the General was not only up and dressed, but had a long conversa-

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tion with Pete, in which he learned all about his family and his history. Jim, having nothing else to do, spent most of the day in fishing; with the result, as some one remarked, that it seemed like Friday, when it was only Wednesday.

That evening, when darkness had brought us all together again around our camp-fire, the conversation naturally turned upon the way the "Supreme Council" would take Pete's resignation. The General was anxious that some one of our number should give the man permanent employment; and declared that he would do so himself if he could obtain Mrs. Gorem's consent; but feared that her antipathy to male servants would stand in the way.

As neither Dr. Bodley, the Professor, nor myself could afford the luxury of a man cook, it seemed to be up to the Governor to express his views; but he made no observation. Finally, the General, whose zeal for the fate of Pete was evident, put the question boldly:

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"Governor, why don't *you* take him? You must need a number of cooks in the Executive Mansion."

The Governor drew in a large quantity of tobacco smoke, and leisurely blew it out in short, staccato-like puffs, ending deliberately with an elaborate attempt to form a series of smoke-rings, which he watched with absorbed attention, as if to forbid interruption, as they floated off toward the fire, gradually contorting themselves into a succession of gracefully intertwining ellipses as they dissolved. Then, as if to punctuate a sentence already formed in his mind, he briskly snapped off with the tip of the little finger of his left hand the long ash that hung to the end of his cigar. "That would be embarrassing," he said.

"Why so?" asked the General naïvely.

"You see, this man is going to have trouble with his 'Supreme Council,'" rejoined the Governor. "That is a very influential body, and a person representing, as I do, a great

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political party has no right — to say nothing of its personal effect upon myself — to take any step that would cause this important organization to oppose the party or that would in any way alienate its support. If I took this man into the Executive Mansion, even as my own personal servant, I should be waited upon by delegations sent to inquire what I meant by taking up a man who had voluntarily resigned from so great a self-protective society as the Confederated Company of Complete Cooks. If I did not at once dismiss him, it would probably cause us the loss of the State at the next election."

"And you call this a free country? What is to become of a man who decides that he will not belong to a private association when he cannot find employment on account of that decision?" demanded the General.

"He would do better not to make such a decision; and, besides, this is not exactly a private association. It is a great and power-

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ful organization, embracing a membership of thousands. It is already an interstate institution, and it may eventually become international. It must be treated with consideration. It has powerful officers and owns newspapers."

"I see now, Governor, how greatly mistaken I have been," said the General. "I have unjustly spoken against 'popular rule.' I felt shocked the other day when the Professor said that popular rule did not exist. But now I understand what he means. The majority of the people do not belong to these various associations or corporations, or whatever you call them, whether combinations of capitalists or workingmen. Certain forms of business are said to be 'organized,' but the masses of our fellow citizens are not thus organized. They are citizens, and content to be citizens. They have their clubs, their social and literary organizations, their mutual insurance societies, and all that; but these do not unite to compel membership

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and undertake to displace and supersede the authority of the State. Understand, I make no distinction between wealth or poverty, or between capital and labor. I say that, if these private agencies can control the lives and destinies of men and the State cannot prevent it, cannot protect those who are just simple citizens, who wish to be treated as such, and to be secure in their lives and their property, then the Republic our fathers founded is a failure; and popular rule, the rule of free, independent citizens, who are nothing *but* citizens, has come to an end."

"I think," said Dr. Bodley, "it might be profitable for us to consider what it is that gives the State an exclusive right to supervise the lives and destinies of men, and makes it impossible for other associations of men to do the same, or at least to do something similar. I, for example, represent the Church, which is a great organized body, — or, in this country, a group of great, organized bodies. The Church — yes, even the

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churches — makes its own laws, urges membership, expels the unworthy, and declasses those who resist its authority."

"Yes," interrupted the General, "so it does; but it does not *force* men to join it, or undertake to control public officers and determine elections."

"No, not *now*," said the Professor; "but it *once* did all of these things."

"And came to grief by doing them," retorted the General. "The Church would be a thousand times more influential to-day if it had never attempted any of them. Its proper sphere is to lead men by its noble ideals and its spiritual influence to live better lives and to deserve, or at least to hope for, a better destiny."

"Where, then, do you find the seat of public authority? If it is not in the Church, where is it?" asked Dr. Bodley.

"In my opinion," said the General, "it is to be found in *law*; which, proceeding from the thought and purpose of God, prevails in

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Nature and ought to prevail in the lives and actions of men."

"You speak like a theologian, General," said the Governor. "Are you trying to work us up to accepting the divine right of kings?"

"If we had a king, — which is of course out of the question, — I presume he would have some rights; but what I mean is that *all* rights are divine, because they express the thought and purpose of God."

"The thought and purpose of God as revealed in his Church?" asked Dr. Bodley.

"The thought and purpose of God as revealed in the nature of man and society, as revealed in every man's reason and conscience," replied the General.

My lack of higher education and my inexperience in these great subjects had suppressed my occasional impulse to add something to the discussion; but under the influence of all this reasoning, I felt that my intellectual wings were growing, and I ventured at this point to contribute what

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seemed to me to be a great thought by saying, "It would seem as if God had chosen the Church as an expression of his will in the relations of individual men to Himself, and the State as an expression of his will in the relations of man to man."

"That is not exact," said Dr. Bodley. "The divine commandments committed to the Church include the supreme love of men toward God; and, as between men, the duty to love our neighbors as we love ourselves."

"That observation is just," interrupted the Professor. "The Church rightly endeavors to guide men in their human relations by inspiring them with proper dispositions of mind and heart. These lie entirely beyond the control of the State, which deals only with what it can enforce; and it undertakes to enforce only the outward acts of men, their behavior toward one another. The State is the institution of justice among men. It commands obedience and punishes disobedience."

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"Whence does it derive its authority to command and to punish?" asked the Doctor. "The Church can neither command nor punish; it can only persuade and exhort. It can say that God commands, and that God will punish; but, of itself, it can do neither of these things."

"The State," observed the Professor, "obtains its right to command and punish from the necessity of public order and just laws to social life and development; or, if it pleases you better to say so, from the nature of man; a being who distinguishes between right and wrong, and who through his reason is aware of certain principles of equity which, when applied, produce social well-being; and when not applied, leave men to the mercy of their appetites and passions."

"Underlying it all," remarked the Governor, "is the principle of *sovereignty*. The State is sovereign."

"What precisely is the meaning of that?" I ventured to inquire.

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"Sovereignty," responded the Governor, "is supreme power. It is the same in substance as the *imperium* of which the Professor was speaking the other evening. It is the foundation of the State, that which gives it a right to command."

"I don't quite understand," broke in Dr. Bodley. "You say it is 'supreme power,' but *power* is not *right*. A power might be greater than any other power, and in that sense supreme, and yet not be right at all. Take, for example, Pete's 'Supreme Council' of the Confederated Company of Complete Cooks; that seems to have supreme power over the cooks, but that society is not a State, and it has no inherent right to command. It can make the cooks obey for fear of expulsion; but it is not really 'supreme,' for it did n't intimidate the General, nor even Pete, after he had his bath! And even if it were *really* supreme as *power*, and could roast all of us, I do not see what *right* it would have to do so."

We all seemed suddenly to have run com-

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pletely aground. Was it true, then, that the State had no rightful authority at all, and that it was as little entitled to command obedience as the 'Supreme Council' of the Confederated Company?

In our somewhat disturbed state of mind as to whether there is really any rightful authority, we all relighted our pipes or bit off the ends of fresh cigars; it being absolutely impossible to sit there, like graven images, without a thought in our minds. I have noticed that, when there is no clear idea before the mind, it is the habit of men to *do* something. That gives them something to think about. This, perhaps, explains why it is that so many men have the habit of doing things, and then thinking about them afterwards. Dr. Bodley, I recall, once said it was that way with the street-car strike. But I am getting too bold, considering my need of education, with these digressions of mine. My business is simply to tell the story.

"It is important," observed the Professor

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gravely, after a long pause in the conversation, "to recall what the State really is. An association of men for merely private purposes, like pleasure, gain, the exploitation of natural resources, the navigation of the seas, or any other private end, is not, and cannot be, a State. Thus, a gentleman's club, a commercial company, a mining company, or a steamship company is not, and cannot pretend to be, a State. It may, like the Hanseatic League, command armies and build navies; but it is not, for all that, a State. A company of pirates might be organized so large, so strong, and so rich as to own iron-clads, and drive the navies of the world off the ocean, but it would not be a State. A company of brigands, able to occupy and defend a considerable area of territory, in which they completely worked their will, would not be a State, in any sense which modern thought could accept as satisfactory."

"But have not such pirates and brigands pretended to be States?" asked the General.

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"Certainly," replied the Professor; "and there are some of that kind now, but they are not generally recognized as legitimate Governments."

"I notice, Professor," said Dr. Bodley, "that you just now used the word 'Governments.' What is the distinction between a 'Government' and a 'State'?"

"We use the word 'State' more abstractly, and the word 'Government' more concretely; the latter referring more to the particular existing personal administration, while the former refers to the institution which the Government represents and in whose name it exercises its authority. Perhaps I may help to make it plain by saying that a Government may be composed of usurpers who use the power of the State for private purposes; but you cannot speak of a State as a usurpation, or conceive of it as a form of association for merely private advantage. It is a *res publica*, or else it is not a State at all."

"There is some more Latin," I said to my-

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self. Then I humbly asked, "Professor, what do you mean by *res publica*?"

"Our word 'republic' is derived from it; but in its Latin sense it means something like 'commonwealth' in our language. It would include in the mind of a jurist any form of organized State, whether monarchy or democracy. The form of government is indifferent, — that depends on the way the State is constituted; or on what we may, perhaps, best call the *constitution* of the State."

"Has every State, then, a constitution?" I asked.

"Yes, but not necessarily a written one. We, here in America, were the first to have that. But England had a constitution, and still has, which was not, and never has been, written, — although it has been much written about, — a constitution that grew up gradually by a long historic process, which is still going on; but ours has the advantage that it was conceived in the light of long experience and profound reflection, and eliminated at

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one stroke some of the dangerous elements in the State transmitted from a former time and never properly guarded against by legal guarantees. The Constitution, as we now have it, — I mean, of course, our National Constitution, — is based on guaranties which were new at the time of its adoption. The chief guaranties are, first, such a division of the public powers that it is impossible for any individual to unite and control them; and, second, there has been on the part of the sovereign people a complete renunciation of that absolute power which sovereigns formerly possessed. With us, all political power is relative and absolutism in every form is repudiated."

"The Governor spoke a while ago of 'sovereignty' as the foundation of the State. Where, according to you, Professor, does that come in?" queried Dr. Bodley.

"Sovereignty, or the supreme power to command and to punish disobedience," broke in the Governor, "is an essential

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attribute of the State, conferred upon it by the people. It is a power essentially unlimited in its nature."

"What!" exclaimed the General, "*unlimited* power! That beats me. I have always stood up for authority, and I always shall. But who on earth has a right to confer *unlimited* power?"

"Why, the people, of course," answered the Governor. "Who else is there? When the people want anything, who is there to say 'No'? All power comes from the people. That is why public officers have to be always in touch with the people."

"But, Governor, do you mean *some* of the people, or *all* of the people?"

"I mean, of course, a *majority* of the people. That is sufficient, is n't it?"

"It is sufficient to carry an election and to make such laws as are permitted by the Constitution," responded the General vigorously; "but how does the majority of the people become possessed of this *unlimited* sover-

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eignty of which you speak;—in short, of a right to make other people do anything it may please to make them do? To take away their property without their consent, for example; or their lives even; and to impose every kind of restriction and burden upon them? Is n't some of this 'sovereignty' you talk about in the *other* people, too? If so, how can fifty-one per cent of the voting population appropriate the *whole* of it?"

"Permit me," broke in the Professor, "to offer an explanation at this point. The scientific idea of sovereignty does not represent it as a commodity equally divided up between the people, so that each man possesses a small particle of it, but as an attribute of a rightly constituted State. If it were such a mere divisible commodity, the Confederate Company of Complete Cooks would have some of it, and the majority of our citizens most of it. Even then, the minority would also have some of it. But, in truth, it has always been represented as *indivisible*. It

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belongs to the people *as a whole*. You may recall that, when our Constitution was adopted, it was not by a mere majority. An effort was made to procure an expression of the will of the entire citizenship, as far as that was at the time practicable; and a like safeguard was thrown around the future amendment of the Constitution. Our form of government is based on the consent of the governed as far as consent could be ascertained."

"But what if a few persons, or a considerable number, should say, 'We do not consent. We want a king, or we want no government at all,' — what then?" I made so bold as to ask.

"When it is a question of mere *will*," said the Professor, "that has to be determined, in each case, by a balance of motives; but the question presents no difficulties. The constitution of a State is not an expression of pure will, it is an expression of human reason."

"But we speak of the 'will of the people'

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as the source of law, do we not?" asked the Governor.

"Not in any arbitrary sense," responded the Professor. "The source of law is the deliberate and reasoned conclusions of the people, not influenced by what some, or even most of them, may *want*, but by what they consider *just*. The State, as constituted, is based upon a fundamental law, secured by guaranties. I spoke awhile ago of our people making a *renunciation* when the Constitution was adopted. They were not content with a frame of government based on the division of powers; they demanded and secured for their protection against the absolutism of majorities a Bill of Rights. That is to say, the people of the United States did what no government had ever done before, they deliberately *limited their own power*. They intended to make, and they did make, certain encroachments upon private rights illegal; and, as they supposed, impossible."

"But could we not, if we chose, change all

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that, and make all those things which the people resolved not to permit no longer illegal?" asked the Governor.

"Yes," said the Professor, "by tearing up the Constitution and destroying the State."

"Can a majority do that?" I asked.

"Not legally," was the reply; "but it can do so either by a physical revolution which would make judicial procedure impossible, or by a mental revolution which would destroy our constitutional guaranties."

"Do you think that might actually happen?" inquired Dr. Bodley.

"Anything may happen if men go mad, or revert to a condition of mere greed and animality. It is only by respect for the State as the institution of justice, and by the constant endeavor to render just laws supreme, that a nation can hope to maintain constitutional government. You see what happens in countries where *imperia in imperio* are predominant."

"Just what do you have in mind?" queried

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Dr. Bodley, who seemed not to have comprehended the implication of the Professor's last remark.

"I have reference to those countries — and there are several to the south of us — where the power of self-restraint and respect for constitutional guaranties on the part of the people have not been sufficiently strong to insure peace and order; and, as a consequence, a constitution might as well never have existed."

"But certainly," observed Dr. Bodley, "no civilized people could actually go so far as knowingly to destroy the foundation of the State."

"Men do not always realize the consequences of their actions, or of their doctrines," resumed the Professor. "They may mean very well, and may even be essentially right in striking directly at some form of injustice; but if they assume that they alone are the judges of what is right, and that they may, therefore, take the execution of justice

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into their own hands, they will not very long maintain a constitutional form of government or succeed in preserving their civil liberties. Their arbitrary conduct will seem to justify other groups of men, holding opposite views or possessing different interests, in entering upon the scene of action with the purpose of counteracting or correcting the influence of the first group. The result will be a private war or a medley of private wars. The system of constitutional government, in order to be successful, requires the complete renunciation of absolute and arbitrary power by every one; that no action be taken that is not in accordance with the laws; and that the interpretation of the laws should be submitted to qualified neutral judges."

"But suppose the public has lost confidence in the honesty or capacity of the judges?" asked Dr. Bodley.

"Then that confidence must in some way be restored," rejoined the Professor. "The whole system of self-government rests upon

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the idea of a pure and fearless judiciary. How can you expect men to lay down their arms and abandon the primitive privilege of self-defense, unless they are confident that their cause will be accorded a righteous judgment?"

"But, undoubtedly, errors will be made," persisted Dr. Bodley. "Must not men, after all, be satisfied to await the divine vindication of their rights?"

"With the growth of intelligence, men are less and less disposed to postpone the administration of justice to a future life. They want justice *now*. They are content to wait a little while, but they fill in the time by planning the enforcement of their rights and the redress of their wrongs. It is, therefore, the business of the State, as the institution of human justice, to anticipate the just expectations of the people; to foresee and provide for the redress of wrongs; and thus to remove the causes of disaffection before those who deem themselves injured take the matter

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into their own hands, and, blinded by their passions, wreak upon society a summary vengeance, in which the innocent as well as the guilty are made to suffer. It is in the nature of every sensitive being to find or make an opportunity to avenge his wrongs."

"Is it not better that one should leave to others the vindication of his rights and the redress of his wrongs?" inquired Dr. Bodley. "It is only in very crude states of society that the vendetta is recognized," he added.

"It is only in very crude forms of society that the vendetta is *recognized*, but it is not in such half-barbarous conditions alone that it *exists*," replied the Professor. "It exists wherever just laws and efficient executive action do not furnish the protection and the redress demanded by an innate sense of justice; and it is perfectly logical that under these conditions it should always continue to exist. The hostility of classes is, when analyzed, nothing else than a latent spirit of vendettaism, — a disposition to inflict injury

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upon certain persons because they, or those whose beneficiaries they are, are believed to be responsible for the misfortunes of others whose wrongs should be avenged upon them. That spirit, the spirit of the *lex talionis*, unjustifiable and cruel as it may seem, is at bottom a tribute which a benighted mind pays to the rule of righteousness. It covers its own inherent baseness with the shining garment of divine authority. If organized justice ceases to be effective, spasmodic efforts to do its work are always to be expected. There is an ineradicable instinct in everything that lives which urges it on to redress the wrongs to which it is subjected. The only escape from its action is to render organized justice so sure that intelligent beings are ready to submit the question of their rights to its orderly operation."

Our camp-fire had burned very low and the circle of illumination radiating from it showed a more restricted circumference than on previous nights, for the evening was less

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chilly than the preceding ones and our fire had been neglected. Reflecting on what the Professor had just said, we were all gazing abstractedly at the glowing coals which formed the remains of the fire. Suddenly, as by a common impulse, we all looked up. There, about twenty feet from the ground, on a tree whose outlines could hardly be discerned, gleamed out two balls of phosphorescent light.

We perfectly understood the situation. Jim Owens lay on his blanket, not forty feet away, in a straight line from those flaming eyes.

We had not time for deliberation as to what should be done before the crack of Jim's rifle told us that, with the vigilance of a true woodsman, the danger had not escaped him; but, simultaneously with the report, a gray mass shot out from the tree and descended upon the body of the guide.

With marvelous dexterity Owens dropped from his kneeling position, snatched a cor-

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ner of the blanket on which he had been resting, and adroitly flung it over his head and wound it about his neck and shoulders, at the same time falling flat on the ground, face downward.

The catamount was upon him, its claws securely embedded in his clothing; but the guide had forestalled the animal's intention, which was to fasten upon his throat. Seeking for his blood, the giant cat was tearing at the blanket, which in a few moments would have been reduced to shreds.

Paralyzed with terror, we arose to our feet, but the General had already reached the tent. In a moment he returned, rifle in hand, and darted swiftly in the direction of the assaulted man.

"My God!" exclaimed the Governor, "Owens is a dead man!"

Dr. Bodley closed his eyes, and his lips moved in silent prayer.

Advancing to within a few feet of the angry beast, the General uttered a sudden

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shout, which caused the animal to lift his head for an instant. The muzzle of the gun was within a foot of his ear; a shot rang out; and with his claws still firmly gripped in Jim's clothing, his big head fell heavily on the man's shoulder.

A moment later the guide's face emerged from its wrappings as he unwound the tattered covering by which he had been protected. "He nearly got me!" he ejaculated, as he took in the situation. "He would have had me sure, if it had n't been for you, General. He's been there in the branches for hours, but I could n't see him till just before he jumped. I knew he would n't spring till you stopped talking."

"Are wild animals usually afraid of the human voice?" asked Dr. Bodley.

"Not always," replied the General; "but many of them seem to have an instinct that renders them suspicious of mere numbers."

IV

CAN THE PEOPLE RULE?

THE sun had not yet begun to pierce with his rays the great forest which surrounded us when all of our little company, except the General, were up and astir in our camp. A mass of crackling branches threw up a great column of flame and smoke, about which we gathered to beguile ourselves with the illusion that we were escaping the chill of the morning which had come in with clouds. With one side icy and the other nearly broiled, we were nervously stamping about, turning one side and then the other toward the roaring but deceptive fire, as an aborigine of Tierra del Fuego cherishes the hope of warmth by revolving about him his inadequate covering, according to the direction of the wind.

"That was a lucky escape of yours, Jim,"

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remarked the Governor, by way of being sociable; a duty which he seldom neglected, and the performance of which in all surroundings had become habitual with him.

"I would have been a goner if it had n't been for the courage and coolness of the General," replied Owens, as he threw down a brace of birds he had shot for breakfast.

"Did that beast get his claws into you at all?" inquired the Professor.

"Only three or four rather deep scratches on the left shoulder," replied Jim. "They amount to nothing; I hardly feel them this morning. Pete rubbed some hot ashes into them for me last night to prevent blood-poisoning."

"Hot ashes?" exclaimed the Professor. "Are hot ashes a good antiseptic?"

"They stop the bleeding," said Pete, "quicker than almost anything else."

"But is n't it excruciatingly painful?" asked Dr. Bodley sympathetically.

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"Painful?" ejaculated Pete, with an expression of surprise. "Why, that's nothing. It only lasts a few minutes, and it helps you to forget your *real* troubles."

"I suppose you have your share of them, Pete!" observed the Doctor benevolently. "I have been thinking a good deal during the night about those orphan cubs that must be somewhere about here in the woods. Don't you think, Jim, we could find them? We might try to bring them up by hand and watch their development."

"And try to educate them!" added the Professor, with sudden enthusiasm. "My colleague, Professor Huxheim, would be glad to have them in his little menagerie of trained animals."

"Or in his laboratory for studying the functions of the brain," suggested the Governor.

"No, not that," protested the Doctor. "We can learn much more from living things than from dead ones."

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"Suppose we start out and look for them," said the Professor.

"I think it would be a waste of time," remarked Jim Owens. "You might hunt all day for them and not find them."

"Perhaps there was no cubs, after all," said Pete.

Jim gave him a knowing look, as much as to say, "Do you doubt my word?" — and observed: "There was some, I believe, but I doubt if it is worth while to look for them. Such things can't be educated. You see what their development leads to," he continued, scratching his left shoulder. "There is some things that had better not exist. There would be more game if there was fewer catamounts."

No further explanation seemed called for, and the proposal to find and domesticate these infants of the forest was dropped without further comment.

As the General showed an inclination to remain in bed, and we all agreed that he

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would be safe there, the rest of us went out for a few hours in the woods, leaving Pete to look after the camp and to care for the old gentleman.

It was considerably after midday when we straggled back to camp. Pete called me aside, and said, in a confidential tone: "I am worried about the General. I think he has some fever. He seems very restless, but has not wanted to get up."

I mentioned this to the Governor, and we went in together to see him. He looked very tired and haggard, but his face was flushed.

"How goes it, General?" inquired the Governor cheerfully.

"I think I shall feel better after awhile," he said, "but my wound is troubling me a little. It has done so at times ever since I was hit at Chickamauga." And he laid his right hand on his left side, as if it pained him there.

"Is n't there something we can do for you?" asked the Governor kindly.

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"You might open the side of the tent a little," he said softly; and then, with a smile, "It would be good for me, I think, if I had a little of your Old Kentucky Belle, but we have used it all."

We looped up the canvas on the side toward the camp-fire and the air soon became perceptibly fresher.

"Those were great days, back there in 1863," the old man said. "That was fifty years ago. It hardly seems possible. I was a young lieutenant then. We boys hardly realized what the cause we were fighting for meant, but we have come to understand it since. We were full of the fighting spirit; but it seemed sad at times, when the 'Johnnies' were brought into camp, ragged and hungry, and sometimes badly hurt, besides. I often wondered if before God they, and not we, might be right."

"But it must be all very clear to you now, General," said the Governor. "It was you, and those who fought with you, who saved

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the Union. If it had not been for you, we should not have an undivided country now. We should have two hostile types of civilization facing each other, one based on free labor and the other on slave labor."

"Yes, that was what Mr. Lincoln said; but we hardly realized it then. We felt vaguely that he must be right. My father, I remember, was certain of it, and he urged me, though I was his only son, to go to the war. He did not have to urge much, for I was young and vigorous and fond of adventure. But others of my relatives took a different view. They said the war was fratricidal. They argued, 'We went out from England, why should not the South go out from us?' It was hard to answer. And, Governor, if you had seen those brave fellows fight; if you had seen them after our bullets had killed them, lying pale and gaunt, dead upon the battlefield, beside their thin, half-starved horses, that had been shot from under them, — lying there, sometimes with their bruised

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feet bare, in their shabby, worn-out clothing; if you had seen one of their captured camps, with nothing in it worth taking; if you had seen their women, as we passed through the desolated country, proud, scornful of us victors, loyal to their dead, and to their ruined cause, if —”

But the General's voice dropped suddenly, his eyes closed, a slight convulsive movement passed over his face, and he seemed to have fainted.

I took my handkerchief, dipped it in cold spring-water, and laid it folded on the General's forehead. In a few moments he regained consciousness; and, looking about him in a confused manner, without appearing to notice the Governor or me, he murmured in a low but distinctly audible voice: “Yes, Lincoln said it, ‘All slave or all free!’ Free labor, or slave labor. We thought it was ended. — Run, Nellie, run! — Too late; wash it away, quick! — Wait just a second, Pete. There's a decent fellow. — Yes, mother, we

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got them on the run! You would have laughed to see the trousers they wore. — In here, Nellie, they're coming this way. — Stop them! Don't shoot!"

"It would be better to leave him alone," suggested the Governor. "We are exciting him by our presence."

"He is not aware of our presence, I think; he is delirious," I replied.

"Undoubtedly," said the Governor, as we passed into the open air.

We gathered our little company together for a council of war.

"I will go in alone and see him," said Dr. Bodley.

After a few minutes of silence we heard a low, monotonous voice; but it was not the General's. "Almighty and most merciful Father; we have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws," — and then the voice fell so low that

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we could not distinguish the words. But the little rivulet of sound soon ceased to flow, and we heard, — it was the General's voice this time, — in a strong bass tone, chanted rather than spoken, "*Amen!*"

"I think," said Dr. Bodley, as he emerged from the tent, "it would be prudent to try to get a telegram through to Mrs. Gorem suggesting that she come as soon as possible to Harleypool Station and bring a surgeon with her."

"Who will take the message?" asked the Governor.

"I, sir," said Jim Owens.

"Let *me*," cried Pete.

"How far is it, Jim?" asked the Governor.

"Twelve miles, sir; but Pete does n't know the short route."

"How long will it take, to go and come?"

"I can go in two hours and a half. When I get back depends on how long I have to wait for an answer. It may take six or seven

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hours. It is now about four o'clock. I should be back between ten and eleven."

"Then *I* will stay with the General," said Pete, "and make him a hot broth."

Dr. Bodley wrote out a telegram with which Jim Owens soon set out for Harley-pool. Although we seemed to have exhausted our meager resources of aid to the General, no one felt disposed to go beyond call in case of need. The afternoon dragged on without incident, dissipated in vague speculations as to the General's condition, its causes and consequences, the likelihood of Mrs. Gore's being able to come soon, or of being disposed to come at all, and the probable time of Jim's return.

Our evening meal over, as darkness came on we gathered as usual about the camp-fire, but with little inclination for conversation. Dr. Bodley spent a half-hour with the General, and came out with the assurance that his fever had abated and that his mind seemed composed. Pete had taken his place

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on a rug by the sick man's bedside, with the understanding that there was to be no talking.

The gentle hypnotism of glowing coals and snapping sparks thrown off by the pine logs as they dissolved into embers would, doubtless, have induced sleep in all of us had it not been for the anxiety and nervous excitement produced in us by the uncertainty about the General; but, at length, as a welcome relief from the strain and tedium of suspense, we were all glad when the Governor asked the Professor, "What did you mean, the other evening, when you said the chief guaranties of the Constitution are that it so divides the public powers as to make it impossible for any individual to unite and control them; and that it embodies, on the part of the people, a renunciation of that absolute power which sovereigns formerly possessed?"

"I meant," was the reply, "that our form of government was original in offering a double safeguard to the liberties of the people.

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The diffusion of power renders it impossible for any personal dictator to arise and impose his will upon us. As to the renunciation in question, I meant by that that we have made it impossible, so long as our Constitution remains intact, for any government to deprive us of certain 'inalienable rights,' as our fathers called them. They are rendered secure by the fact that the people insisted upon denying to the executive and the legislative branches of government the right to take them away."

"But did you not intimate," asked Dr. Bodley, "that these constitutional guaranties are exposed to a possible danger?"

"Yes. They are exposed to several dangers. One is open violence. Another is the failure of the judiciary to do its duty. Another is such a revision of the Constitution, or such a general disregard of it, as would render these guaranties nugatory."

"Why should the people ever do, or wish to do, any of these things you consider

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dangerous?" inquired the Governor. "Certainly they do not approve of violence, and they will not be so foolish as to sacrifice their own liberties."

"Of course not. We are not in the slightest danger of any of these things as the result of any strictly individual action or influence," affirmed the Professor. "As I have already said, it would be difficult to devise a better system than we have, so far as individuals are concerned, if only individuals existed. Our constitutional fathers were very capable and thoughtful men. They and their fathers had had more than a century of political experience in the colonies under the laws of England, the most advanced at the time of any in the world. They created a government of individuals, and fully protected it against the ambitious devices of individuals; but they did not guard against great and powerful organizations of men, vast combinations of wealth or of persons, for these did not then exist."

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"But how about the demagogue, the dangerous popular leader?" asked Dr. Bodley: "he has always existed."

"There was hardly enough in the game to make it worth while for a single individual, however talented or influential, to try to control the government; and besides, it was impossible for him to succeed because his designs would be apparent and would be resisted by the people," was the reply.

"Where, then, does any danger exist?" urged the Governor. "Are not the people still able to resist, and to destroy all ambitious schemes?"

"The danger arises from the growth of the *imperia in imperio*," replied the Professor. "We now have organizations of capital and labor so powerful that they compel adherence, levy taxes, make alliances, declare war, and divide the spoils of conquest. These organizations exercise all the powers of a sovereign State, without being sovereign States, or having any of the responsibilities

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of sovereign States. They represent gigantic and irreconcilable antagonisms of interest and purpose. They aim at grasping political control, in order to overpower and destroy one another. They will lead to ultimate revolution."

"I think all this is exaggerated," broke in the Governor, "and purely theoretical. I have found these organizations, both of capitalists and of workingmen, extremely tractable and, I might say, even useful to my administration."

"Would you mind saying, Governor," inquired Dr. Bodley, "whether it was to an organization of capital or an organization of labor that you referred, the other evening, when you told us that one of them had professed to be able to defeat or to elect you when you were running for Governor?"

"I don't see that that makes any difference. We who are in politics consider all these great organizations as equally useful. We do, however, make this distinction. In

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pressing a candidacy, we consult the capitalists; but in urging election, we appeal to the trades unions."

"And so you get them all, either coming or going," laughed the Professor. "But what about the people? Where do *they* come in?"

"The *people*? Why, *these* are the people we care most about. The others just follow the band-wagon."

"And who pays the band?"

"Why, the fellows who want new legislation or who want to rip up old legislation or who expect to be appointed to office when the election is over. Is n't that legitimate? Do you expect people to get what they have n't paid for, just because they are virtuous?"

"But," interrupted Dr. Bodley, "these various organizations seem already to control our public life. The mere citizen, who is not 'organized,' seems to have no voice at all. There is nothing for him to do but to follow. He goes with the procession, but he gets

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nothing, — that is, nothing but the dust-cloud in the rear that prevents him from seeing anything, either whither he is going or what they are doing who are leading him. Was that what the fathers intended? They took great pains to explain the Constitution to the country before it was adopted. In those days it was a question of principles rather than of men. Now it has become a question of neither; but, as the slang phrase goes, of ‘pull.’”

“You clergymen and professors are a singularly unpractical crowd,” exclaimed the Governor. “You *think* too much. Don’t you know that the mass of mankind does not think? They simply go, go where they are led; and are never so happy as when they have a leader who neither thinks nor troubles them to think, but just dashes bravely on. A clarion voice, a commanding gesture, the praise of virtue, indulgence for vice, the ability to paint flamboyant pictures on a background of clouds, skill in explaining

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the reasons for the non-fulfillment of promises, the art of restoring and reinvigorating shattered hopes, — these are the great elements of popular leadership."

"They were not the elements of Washington's and Lincoln's leadership," observed Dr. Bodley.

"But those were times of crisis, times when circumstances made men serious; when they looked up from the plough and came to the door of the workshop, to ask what was to be done. Those times are past. We have become a great and prosperous country. See how we live! A first-class dinner, with champagne, costs as much as a man in other times could earn in a week."

"Can every one have such a dinner?" inquired Dr. Bodley.

"Why, certainly not," answered the Governor, with an expression of surprise. "If they could, it would be a great loss to politics. It is a positive luxury," he continued, "to study the emotions of an audience when,

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after causing it to meditate upon the 'empty dinner-pail,' we describe the banquets of the stockholders in the great trusts. Nothing seems to move men like a reference to the deprivations to which they are subjected. Men throng to the railroad stations to welcome me because they know how I sympathize with them. I have been elected an honorary member of nearly all the labor unions in the State."

"And you hold a block of stock in several of its great corporations, I believe, Governor."

"Why, certainly. Why should I not? One must invest his money somehow; and with a good friend to tell you when to buy and when to sell, nothing is safer or more profitable. But why do you, Professor, criticize these organizations? You seem to be against everything big. Remember, this is a big country, a country of great intellects, and the power to organize is the chief characteristic of a virile civilization."

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"I have not the slightest objection to the existence of great organizations," asserted the Professor. "On the contrary, I consider them absolutely necessary under the conditions of modern life. Without them, we should be powerless in competition with other nations; especially those which favor, but at the same time control, vast combinations of power. What I object to is the existence of *imperia in imperio*. What I would like to see is the suppression of the *imperialism* of these organizations; that is, their opposition to equal laws, their assumption of authority, and their efforts to control the State in their own interest. *That* is what I oppose, — the substitution of immense organized interests, of whatever kind, for the authority of the State as vested in its citizenship, which is composed of individuals only. These great organizations are not citizens. They are often mere pawns for skillful men to trade with. I would wipe out all that in every form *by law*. The State exists for *all*

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the people, not for particular groups, classes, or interests."

"Theoretically, you may be right," replied the Governor; "but practically the State exists for those who can control it. Who would ever dream of financing the scheme implied in what you have just expressed?"

"Governor," retorted the Professor, with a severity of tone to which he was not accustomed, "what I have in mind is no 'scheme.' It is a reform. It is a reform which needs no financing. It must come, if it come at all, from the thought and good sense of the people; of the people who are not 'organized,' and also of the people who are, but who are able to see that it would, in the end, be better for society, and better for themselves, that the State, as such, as the institution of justice, should exercise its normal authority to prevent those conflicts of interest which are fraught with so much danger to our national well-being; in short, to abolish altogether within our country the right of

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conquest, and to establish the State, as Dr. Bodley has suggested, on the idea of *duty*."

"*Whose duty?*" demanded the Governor.

"*Everybody's*," replied the Professor; "first, by considering the State as the authoritative agency for regulating all forms of public service, such as transportation, communication, and illumination; as responsible for the protection of life and property from every form of violence; as the guarantor of personal liberty in the exercise of all legitimate rights; and as the protector of the public from the sequestration of the necessities of life for the purpose of raising prices: then, the duty of every person, 'organized' or 'unorganized,' to submit to just and equal laws devised for the purpose of accomplishing these objects."

"Are you trying to invent a new system of Socialism, Professor?" demanded the Governor.

"Nothing of the kind; I am trying to point out how the evils of which Socialism justly complains may be remedied, without that

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complete sacrifice of individuality and personal liberty which Socialism demands. Socialism requires the abolition of private property and the pooling of everything in common. It would destroy all initiative, reward the incapable and the improvident equally with the capable and the provident, and subject every one to the bondage of hopeless uniformity. The moral ideal as an ever-enlarging conception of personal duty is completely wanting to Socialism, which is based on the dogma that every social unit, regardless of personal conduct, has an equal claim to all the desiderata of life."

"And how do you propose to bring into effect this remarkable conception of a State based on duty?" asked the Governor, with a perceptible sneer in his tone.

"Would n't the nominating primaries help?" inquired the Doctor. "By the way, Governor, what do you think of that idea?"

"I have, from the first, been favorable to direct nominating primaries," replied the

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Governor. "I saw that the exceptional public esteem in which the eminent persons who proposed the idea were held would inevitably render it popular. I, therefore, resolved not to oppose it. My political experience has taught me that ideas are often widely accepted, for a time, because of the confidence of the public in the judgment and virtue of the propounder; for it is not unnatural that men should assume that the proposals of good men are good, just as they usually suspect that the proposals of bad men are bad. I at once perceived that, while the idea of such primaries was an excellent one for the purpose of evoking an expression of the popular will in local matters, it overlooked two important points: first, the inconstancy of the majority of citizens in performing their political duties; and, second, the effect of persistent candidacy on the part of persons able to enlist the press and the various capitalistic and labor organizations in their behalf. I concluded, without hesitation, that,

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so far as my own political future was concerned, I should not be likely to meet any effectual resistance from any quarter; while my numerous friends, since I am widely known, would be active in my support; so that the mere announcement of my candidature would be equivalent to a nomination. When I contrasted my chances by this method with those I would be likely to have in an open convention, where the merits of rival candidates could be deliberately considered, I realized that my prospects would be better if I espoused the cause of popular nominations."

"I fully agree with you, Governor. Direct nominating primaries for state and national offices cannot be relied upon to bring about any great political reform," said the Professor.

"But what of the initiative and referendum?" inquired the Doctor.

"I have given them my support," said the Governor; "for, while it would be inconven-

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ient to have too many, and possibly conflicting, laws, most of those that would be suggested by novices in lawmaking would be so absurd that they could be easily argued down; and if some should be found too popular to defeat, those interested in nullifying them would propose others, designedly equivocal; and the public having little time to consider them, they would very likely be passed, on the principle that every untried law may turn out to be a good one. As to the referendum, it might be useful in local matters, but, in general, the issues submitted would have a very similar fate to those of the initiative. In a short time, the people, who have some other things to do besides making laws directly by themselves, will get tired of these novelties, which may be as popular as a big hat to-day and a little one to-morrow, but would afford no stability and would render uncertain the ultimate result of the simplest business transactions. The fact is, it is well for a politician to favor most new

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ideas. If they succeed, he has the credit of promoting them. If they fail, he can say that the time was not ripe for them; or that they proved impracticable because his personal recommendation was not adopted. The people will probably not recall what his attitude was. Negative matters are usually not well remembered."

"What, then, is there left?" asked Dr. Bodley, with some anxiety. "We appear to have arrived at the conclusion that reforms are hopeless and that the people are impotent. What do you say, Professor?"

"Personally, I have as little faith in these novelties we have been discussing as the Governor has; and, I may say, still less interest. They do not directly touch the evils from which we are suffering, and from which we are likely to suffer still more in the future. I think that dependence upon them will retard, rather than promote, progress. Direct nominating primaries will have the effect of drawing a considerable number of rival vol-

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untested candidates of the same party into the field for every election; and these, in order to obtain the nomination, will go about saying unpleasant things concerning one another, and thus furnishing the opposition with a complete armory of attack when it comes to election, not to mention the lack of personal dignity involved in such a squabble. The best men will simply stand aside and let the others fight it out."

"What, then, is there to do?" persisted Dr. Bodley.

"The plain and natural course to pursue is for a great political party to take up this cause and make it a part of its platform," replied the Professor.

"Oh, that is impossible!" exclaimed the Governor. "It would mean inevitable defeat! Your proposition shows how utterly incompetent in practical matters you cloistered professors are. You don't understand men! And who would finance such a platform?"

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"I, too," said Dr. Bodley, "am surprised to hear you recommend a return to the old party system. I thought we had passed that point."

"We can never dispense with political parties if we expect to make any progress," asserted the Professor, with great positiveness. "Think it over, and you will see that it is so. Since the world began there has never been any political progress that was not brought about by a vigorous party. Great reforms have had to wait, like ships becalmed, for the tide of popular determination to bear them on to success."

"But the 'bosses,'" exclaimed the Doctor, "would never permit such a movement, and they would have the support of the interests affected. It is a whole system against which you would have to contend. You would be utterly powerless."

"You talk just as men talked fifty years ago about slavery, but slavery has disappeared," retorted the Professor. "If this

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system is an evil, it will, sooner or later, have to go. What do you mean by a 'boss'? Is a party leader necessarily a 'boss'? So long as he is loyal to the aims and purposes of his party, he is no 'boss.' He becomes a 'boss' the moment he makes his party do what it does not want to do by controlling and perverting its power. The evolution of the 'boss' is very simple. He offers political power for sale, receives the compensation demanded, and then insists on delivering the goods. He negotiates with corporations, with labor unions, with combinations of capital, interested in special legislation. He then 'jams through,' to use the classic expression, the legislation demanded, or delivers the appointments promised, regardless of the rank and file of his party, who may oppose these transactions. He even makes 'trades' with the leaders of the opposing party, leaving out in the cold the candidacies and the legislation which his clients and customers do not want. That is what the

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'boss' does, but what an honorable party leader should not do."

"But how will you get rid of the 'boss,' Professor?" asked the Governor.

"By entrusting power to no one who is not responsible for the use of it," was the prompt reply. "The 'boss' is not a constituent of the party system, but an excrescence upon it. He is a parasite that hooks his tentacles into a living body and feeds upon it. Do you not see that without the *imperia in imperio* he would have no existence? It is *they* who make him possible. If they were not there to trade with, he would find his occupation gone."

"You believe, then," said the Governor, "in a purely representative system of government?"

"In a great country, like ours," replied the Professor, "it is the only kind possible. Direct action is practicable in local matters only. I think you will not deny that it is precisely in local government that we have thus

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far most signally failed. Our national politics, and even our state politics, have been much purer and much more creditable to us than our city politics. What hope, then, can you reasonably entertain of important progress through undirected local action on the national and state administrations? The worst things that have ever happened in our country have occurred right under the noses of those most affected by them."

"But how," asked the Doctor, "can you be sure of good representatives to act for you and to choose others to act for you?"

"Simply by selecting from among our nearest neighbors men whom we trust and honor, and no others, to represent us. The whole stream can be made as pure as the fountain. And if we cannot find honest and capable men to represent us in our own wards and townships, how can we hope to select them for the great state and national offices from among men whom we only know by

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reading what the newspapers say about them?"

The Professor had hardly finished his sentence when a slight rustling in the underbrush arrested our attention, and a moment later Jim Owens appeared before us.

"I got her on the wire and there is the answer," said Jim, handing a telegram to Dr. Bodley.

The Doctor opened it and read, "Will arrive at Harleypool to-morrow morning, seven, with Dr. Brinsley. — AGNES GOREM."

Our thoughts were now entirely preoccupied with the removal of our patient. We should allow at least four hours for the journey, and it would be desirable to arrive at Harleypool soon after Mrs. Gorem and the Doctor.

"It would be light enough to start between three and four," Jim Owens suggested.

"And how shall we carry him?" asked the Governor.

"We can make a light stretcher of two

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pine poles with cross-bars and a piece of canvas," said Jim, "and Pete and I can handle him easy."

"We must first inquire into his condition," observed Dr. Bodley, as he moved toward the door of the tent.

A few moments later he returned with the announcement, "He has no fever; but he seems very weak. I think we might make the necessary preparations for a start, say, at four; but we shall have to watch his symptoms closely. It may be necessary for Dr. Brinsley to come here." And he returned to the General's bedside.

The remaining hours of the night wore wearily away. With so important a question to decide, there was no thought of retiring on the part of any of us. One, two, and three o'clock passed; but Dr. Bodley remained alone by the bedside of the sick man.

At a quarter past three he approached the smouldering camp-fire to announce, "We may start now at any time; — but it matters

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little when; — the General will not be with us."

An expression of sad surprise was on every face as the Doctor continued: "His mind was perfectly clear to the last. He was much distressed about the future of the country. 'We thought we had saved it in '65,' he said; 'but new dangers have arisen. I am unable to cope with them, but others will be able, and God will not abandon us.'"

"He was a fine representative of the old-school gentleman," said the Governor.

"His intuitions were wonderfully clear for a man without philosophic training," remarked the Professor.

"He was one of God's faithful children," added Dr. Bodley, with emotion.

Jim Owens stood there absolutely silent, but great tears were streaming down his sun-browned cheeks, while Pete sobbed audibly.

I buried my head in my hands and stood mutely with the rest, hardly knowing where I was or what had happened.

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Then Jim and Pete went in and dressed him. At a few minutes before four they appeared at the door of the tent, Jim leading, Pete following, bearing the improvised litter, on which the body of the General rested, clad in his great blue ulster, with a white handkerchief carefully drawn over his face and fastened to the pillow on which his head rested.

Slowly, in the cold gray light of the early morning, we wound down the narrow path through the forest to Harleypool. At five the mellow opal of the early dawn deepened into great patches of rose and violet that brightened gradually into a sea of golden light in the eastern sky as we descended to the open plain. The Governor and Dr. Bodley led the way; then came Jim and Pete, bearing tenderly their heavy burden; I bringing up the rear of the mournful little cortège, the Professor having been left to guard the camp.

It was half-past seven when, at the edge

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of the village, a man met us, who said:
"They are waiting at the Eagle Hotel."

An hour later I said to Dr. Brinsley,
"What do you think was the cause, Doctor?"

"A man seventy-five years of age, with a wound he has carried for fifty years, cannot stand much bodily strain and mental excitement," he replied. "Everything shows the signs of both, but I think it was principally the reopening of the wound."

At the station, as we were waiting for the southbound train, I said to the Governor,
"Do you think anything will come of those discussions up there in camp?"

The Governor regarded me for a moment with a look of mingled surprise and pity, and replied: "Young man, in politics it matters little what men say or think; it all depends upon what they do."

V

A CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE PEOPLE

It was a sad moment when the south-bound train steamed slowly away from Harleypool, bearing the remains of the General. Dr. Bodley had accompanied Mrs. Gorem; but Dr. Brinsley, whose services were no longer needed, had decided to go up with us to our camp for a day and a night.

It was a weary four hours' march to the foot of the mountain and up the uneven, winding trail that infrequent feet had vaguely worn through the forest; sometimes wholly indistinguishable but for a few mysterious hieroglyphics blazed on the trunks of the white birches which Jim Owens alone knew how to interpret.

It was past the middle of the afternoon when we suddenly came upon our camp-fire,

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the proximity of which we had scented for the previous ten minutes by the resinous odor which the burning logs diffused through the forest.

"What a place for a sanatorium in the midst of these magnificent pines!" exclaimed Dr. Brinsley.

"We have all been very well here," remarked the Governor. "For the past three summers we have had no illness, with the exception of that which has just deprived us of the General."

"His case was entirely disconnected with local surroundings," observed Dr. Brinsley. "No locality could have saved him. It was one of those curious psychopathic cases in which states of nerves and mental action are so strangely intertwined, producing a condition of hopeless exhaustion. One might describe it, on the mental side, as a collapse resulting from a sense of complete impotence in the presence of a tremendous task; on the physical side, as a weakness of the motor

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system produced by overstrain under the lash of a determined will. We physicians are beginning to understand the intimate relations of bodily states and mental action. It is opening a new world of thought regarding nearly everything connected with human life."

"How very interesting," observed the Governor, absent-mindedly; for we had now arrived at the camp, without having seen any sign of the presence of the Professor, who had been left to look after it.

"I wonder where Lathemwell is," said the Governor, as he peered in at the tent door, only to find it tenantless.

Our anxiety was soon ended, for while the Governor was still speaking there entered the little clearing in which our camp was situated two men, the Professor and a stranger.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Pete, visibly frightened, "that is the inspector!"

The two men approached us, and the Professor said: "This is Mr. Blackington.

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He is a great fancier of blooded dogs, and I have just taken him over to see the kennel."

"Allow me, Professor, to introduce Dr. Brinsley; he has come up to spend the night with us," returned the Governor, at the same time shaking hands with the black-whiskered, cross-eyed little man who had just been presented as Blackington.

"That is the man I came to see," suddenly exclaimed the latter; and he darted swiftly toward Pete, who was trying to escape attention by starting upon some imaginary errand in the woods.

The two men were soon engaged in earnest conversation, which lasted some fifteen minutes, without our understanding a word of what they were saying, and finally ended by Pete's firmly shaking his head and Blackington's disappearance in the direction of Harleypool, after a menacing gesture which indicated that the interview had not been a friendly one.

In the mean time, Jim had informed us

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that, as the larder was low, it might be well if we were to try to get some birds for supper, although he thought the chances were not brilliant.

"I don't like to leave Pete here alone," remarked the Professor. "There is something about that Blackington intensely disagreeable to me. He told me that he had once kept a dog-shop in Third Avenue; but failed in business, and is now in the employ of the Consolidated Chemical Compound Company. I think he came here to threaten Pete."

"Pete," called out the Governor, "come here a minute."

The cook came promptly to the Governor's side and respectfully waited for orders.

"If that man comes back here and says anything to you, just tell him that this is Governor Soothem's camp, and that it is important to him that nothing disagreeable should occur here in my absence."

"He'll not come back, Governor. He is

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only a bluffer. If there is trouble in store for me, it will be something else I shall have to look out for," said Pete.

"We will talk of that this evening," replied the Governor; and we started out for an hour's luck in looking for partridges.

Returning to camp a half-hour before supper-time with a much better bag than we had hoped for, we brought with us a good appetite for our evening meal. When it was finished, according to our custom, as darkness came on, we gathered about the roaring fire to pass the evening.

A general gloom rested upon us, for the shadow of the great tragedy which had so deeply impressed us all seemed darker than ever as we sat there, each one revolving in his mind the incidents that had befallen us.

"Tell me what happened at Harleypool," finally requested the Professor.

The Governor recounted briefly the events of our journey and the meeting with Mrs. Gorem.

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"Judging from what Dr. Bodley said," observed Dr. Brinsley, "the General seemed to have a vague prescience of some terrible impending disaster to the country. So far as I could learn, it was not based on anything very tangible."

"It was, no doubt, a part of his delirium," remarked the Governor.

"How strange," broke in the Professor, "that he should have had such a foreboding. I have pretty positive evidence — at least grave grounds for fear — that we are really on the eve of a dreadful calamity. Do you think, Dr. Brinsley, that the General could have had any intuition of such a thing?"

"I am not at all inclined to mysticism, and there is no scientific basis for believing anything of that kind. The most I can say is, that, just before death, the mind often possesses a remarkable lucidity; and the reasoning powers are sometimes so highly exalted and energized that inferences are drawn from experiences of a perfectly normal, and indeed

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ordinary, character, which would, in persons in the full tide of health, not assume the form of definite conclusions. In seeking a cause for this phenomenon, I have attributed it to a peculiar concentration of attention along the line of a particular interest; which, owing to the complexity of consciousness in a strictly healthy state of body, would not occur to an ordinary mind. In perfect health we are more or less absorbed by our sensations, our immediate outward perceptions, and our varied activities."

"I think I can understand that explanation," rejoined the Professor. "It requires a certain abstraction from the actual movements of men in order to comprehend their significance. A man in the midst of a crowd is not so advantageously placed to know what is going to happen next as a man so stationed as to be able to observe its general direction, the circumstances it will presently encounter, and the manner in which it will overcome them or be overcome by them. I

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recall witnessing an automobile accident which I knew was inevitable several minutes before it occurred, when the occupants of the vehicles were utterly unconscious of any danger."

"But, Professor," inquired the Governor, "what is the 'dreadful calamity' at which you hinted a moment ago?"

"I cannot exactly prove it, but I have reason for believing that we are on the eve of a universal strike that will produce the most terrible effects of any movement of that kind that has ever occurred in this country," said the Professor, with great deliberation.

The Governor laughed outright. "Well," he said, "the air of this high altitude has certainly affected your mind; for even this pretty theory that isolated abstract attention is a source of knowledge will not explain such a complete hallucination. If anything of the kind were on foot, I should be the first to know of it. I not only bought and read all the morning newspapers at Harleypool, but

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I telegraphed to my office from there, asking if there was anything new, and got the answer, 'Nothing doing.'"

"Before your arrival," rejoined the Professor, "I had an hour's conversation with that man Blackington. He took me for a fossil, and in the course of the hour this numbskull put me in possession of important information. The conversation started on dog-biscuit. In connection with this he told me that the Cosmopolitan Cracker Company, — a corporation controlled by foreign capital and international in its ramifications, — having discovered a chemical process of making biscuits from hypercarbonated wood-pulp, is already in possession of the biscuit business of the world. This led him to say, that the Pringle Patent Potage Company and the Cosmopolitan Company had united six months ago; and two weeks later they combined with the Consolidated Chemical Compound Company, which now controls all these artificial food products."

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"Put that in your pipe," laughed the Governor. "I know something about this; or, at least, I *should* know. I am a stockholder in the 'C.C.C.' Company!"

"What, *you*, Governor? Have you invested in that enterprise?" asked the Professor, with an expression of astonishment.

"Not exactly *invested*," replied the Governor; "but the directors gave me a hundred shares, and they pay ten per cent dividends. Not bad, eh?" replied the Governor.

"All the same," continued the Professor, "I believe this man knew what he was talking about. He mentioned other companies, besides, that were about to be absorbed. He said they had not raised prices, but would do so eventually. To render their plans successful, he asserted, it was necessary, first, to create certain conditions. I could not draw him out on this point; but he inadvertently said that the one thing essential to human life is, that men should *eat*; and he

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asked me what I thought would happen in case of a universal strike."

"This is pure speculation," replied the Governor. "Your idea is absolutely incoherent. Between the operations of these great food monopolies and the aims of organized labor there is no identity whatever. Their interests are absolutely adverse and hostile. Laboring-men want cheap food, and these great companies want to make food dear; not necessarily their *own* products, but *other* food, in order that they may sell theirs."

"Yes, Governor, you are right in that last statement. It has occurred to me it is just *there* that the danger lies. They want *other* food to be dear and uncertain, in order to force *theirs* upon the public, which will be obliged to use their products. Having placed these on the market everywhere in advance, the game — and it is an entirely new game — is to compel the public to buy them by making other food unobtainable. What do

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you think the effect of a general railroad strike would be on the *ordinary* food-supply?"

"Pardon me, my dear Professor, if I use strong language," burst out the Governor. "This supposition is simply idiotic. It is utterly incredible that any of our fellow citizens would resort to such means as you suggest. There would be no advantage in it. The scheme would overreach itself. Such a strike could not last. These companies are themselves extensive employers of labor. You are in a trance, Professor."

"Let us see what Pete has to say about it," coolly rejoined the Professor.

"Pete!" cried the Governor, "what does he know about it?"

"Let us ask him," was the reply.

A few moments later Pete was standing before us, his old soft hat dangling in his hands; which article of attire he dexterously caused to revolve like a cart-wheel as the Governor questioned him.

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"Pete," said his interrogator, "what did the man Blackington say to you?"

"He talked to me on private business," responded Pete cautiously.

"Did he talk to you about the affairs of the 'C.C.C.?' " interposed the Professor.

An awkward silence followed, which made it evident that Pete was reluctant to reply.

"Speak out, man," said the Governor; "you need not be afraid; I will protect you from any harm."

"Yes, sir," said Pete, "he did talk about that."

"What did he say?"

"He said that I had been a fool to resign when I did from the Confederated Company of Complete Cooks; that we were going to have everything our own way in a few days; that the hotels would soon be at our mercy; that a great combine had been made, and the food companies had proposed to us to back us with money for anything we asked of the hotels, restaurants, and even private houses;

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that, as soon as we struck, it was arranged for the waiters to strike. The transportation people would soon follow; and, when everything was at a standstill, everybody could make his own conditions. These would have to be granted; and, when they were, we would all have it our own way."

"And what did you say?"

"I said I did n't like the idea; that Jim and I was thinking of finding a job together somewhere in the woods, cutting timber; and that civilized life was getting a little too much mixed up for our heads."

"Very much obliged, Pete," said the Governor. "Do you think anything will come of this?"

"It all depends, sir, on whether the movers have control enough to obtain a general strike. They are pressing hard. There is much opposition, but there is considerable unrest. Nobody can tell."

The Governor looked extremely worried, but made no comment. When Pete had re-

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tired he turned toward Dr. Brinsley and said: "Doctor, we have been through so much excitement, and are so separated from our usual conditions, that I fear all of us in this camp, except yourself, have been thrown into an abnormal state of mind. What do you think of what you have just heard?"

"To my mind," replied the Doctor, "there is nothing intrinsically incredible in the situation, as set forth by the Professor and Pete. It all seems to depend upon the sincerity of that man Blackington."

"But, Doctor, how could any set of men with large interests at stake ever conceive of such a hair-brained plan to further their private ends, to say nothing of the moral obliquity of it? It approaches insanity!"

"It does, Governor, but in my profession we are constantly dealing with abnormal conditions; and, as I said, there is nothing in all this that is irrational. Suppose the scheme should work? Suppose that, by the combination of interests, real or imaginary, a general

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paralysis of society could for a time be produced; it is not so clear, although the vast majority of those who took part in it might suffer, that a few might not gain by it. Suppose a profit of thirty millions could be made in less than a month. Ten millions could be used to produce the strike, and still leave to the combine a net gain of twenty millions. It is a pity, indeed, that honest, well-meaning men, who, individually, are good fathers and husbands and even good citizens, should so far forget their duty to society, or be so deluded by false arguments, as to go into such a scheme; should become partners, partly unconscious, perhaps, in an enterprise so utterly odious; but you must remember that, in every age of the world, such things have happened. Think of Roman republicans becoming so inflated with the idea of foreign conquest and universal domination as to tolerate, yes, even to applaud, such deep-dyed villains as some of the Roman emperors were, and to worship them, literally, as gods!

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Think of the great French nation, the most advanced in culture of any at that time, not only submitting to, but actually dying by hundreds of thousands in order to render triumphant, such an insatiable conqueror as the first Napoleon, with no personal motive on their part but the illusory glory of overriding and subjecting the rest of Europe!"

"But those were other times and men were different then. Such things could not happen now," replied the Governor.

"Not *exactly* such things, perhaps," rejoined Dr. Brinsley; "but others equivalent to them. Every age has its abnormal and anti-social characters; men who love to dominate, and who have the skill to make others believe in them, even to the extent of hero-worship. They love power, love to control and to move at their will great masses of men. There is a well-marked psychosis that may be justly regarded as abnormal, yet falls far short of insanity. It is called *megalomania*. Such a mind operates on a large scale, some-

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times successfully, sometimes unsuccessfully, but always grandly. When power radiates out from such transcendent egoism it is usually devoid of moral quality. The men of that type would be successful tyrants and despots under Oriental conditions."

"Are not such men sometimes extremely useful?" demanded the Governor.

"Yes, certainly, they may be very useful, if they are sincerely consecrated to worthy causes; but there is a constant danger of their utility being misconceived by their admirers. They are useful only when they are well advised and restrained by well-balanced minds and a deep sense of social equity. That is where a constitution, sustained by the people, comes in, to check men who are in power. A constitution is to a country what character is to an individual. It gives right direction to energies which, if not well directed, would be dangerous," concluded Dr. Brinsley.

"But there is nothing in our Constitution

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that prohibits such an enterprise as a general strike," observed the Governor.

"No," said the Professor, "there is no *specific* prohibition, because when the Constitution was adopted there were no organizations capable of promoting a general strike; but in principle, such a conspiracy against society and such a disturbance of public order is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, because it is in effect civil war. While such a strike is pending neither life nor property is safe; and public authority, which is pledged to protect them, is temporarily rendered powerless. A general strike means the rupture of all communication, the complete immobilization of the public powers, and the paralysis of all the functions of the Government. In fact, it amounts to a temporary effacement of everything that characterizes civilization, and reduces society to the condition of isolation and helplessness that marked the existence of primitive man."

"I am unable to go so far as that," inter-

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posed the Governor. "I am personally acquainted with many of the great leaders upon whose decisions and influence the possibility of such a calamity as you describe must depend. I do not believe that they are personally capable of any form of lawlessness. They are, some of them, most sincere, conscientious, and loyal citizens. They believe that they are called, as truly as men believe they are called to the ministry of religion, to redeem from hardship, poverty, and injustice the men who follow their leadership."

"I do not doubt that for a moment," replied the Professor. "Some of these men are worthy of the highest praise. If the whole movement could be guided by the best of them, it would be extremely salutary. The difficulty arises when the spirit of domination is excited in great masses of men. They then pass beyond the control of reason and become themselves, as they make others, the victims of their primitive animal passions. It is a danger illustrated in every war, ancient

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or modern, and in every riot, which is a private war on a small scale. There is a tremendous responsibility involved in the control of such overwhelming forces. It is a power too perilous to be entrusted to any class of persons who may be tempted to employ it for purely private interests. The power to compel obedience should be reserved — and even then under restrictions as to means and methods — to the enforcement of laws deliberately made by and for the entire community."

"I wonder, Governor," inquired Dr. Brinsley, "if you have ever read any of the great modern studies on the psychology of crowds. From a scientific point of view, the results are extremely interesting; but in their practical relations they are of even greater importance, especially to men in public life."

"I have not read these books," replied the Governor, "but I know from practical experience something about crowds. I know, for example, that, *as crowds*, men do not think;

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they only follow. It is only as individuals that men think, and the influence of their thought on other men depends principally on their prestige; that is, the esteem in which they happen to be held by those whom they try to influence. In an electoral campaign we rarely endeavor to answer the arguments set forth by the other side. We confine ourselves almost exclusively to the attempt to destroy the personal esteem in which our opponents are held; — in short, to damage their prestige. We say they are ‘creatures of the trusts,’ ‘enemies of labor,’ ‘pampered aristocrats,’ ‘imperial grafters,’ etc. It often works like a charm. I have known whole audiences to be influenced by such tactics, especially on the eve of election.”

“Your personal experience, Governor,” said Dr. Brinsley, “affords you an exceptional qualification for judging the value of the results obtained by the scientific study of men considered as constituting parts of a crowd. These are classifiable primarily as,

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(1) 'homogeneous,' and (2) 'heterogeneous'; according as they are composed of persons who are alike or of those who are unlike. Homogeneous crowds are more easily led than heterogeneous crowds, but those of the second class are the most common.

"As regards their psychological state, crowds of both kinds may be divided into three varieties, representing three successive stages in the psychic activities of a multitude. The first, and most ordinary, is the 'inchoate condition,' in which the constituent components form a mere accidental assemblage or group of persons governed by no common intention. The second state is one in which some 'hypnotic influence' is exercised by an action, a gesture, a word, or some other form of suggestion, either occurring fortuitously or thrown out by some one assuming the authority of leadership. To this, if it coincide with the general mood or prevailing sentiment, the homogeneous crowd responds with a spontaneity that is

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sometimes startling; while the heterogeneous crowd usually divides into two parts, — or factions, if you choose to call them so, — which tend to enter into immediate conflict. The third stage may be called the 'purposive attitude,' in which, under the ascendancy of an accepted leader, action is begun. Its nature depends less upon the character of the individuals *as such* than upon what may be called 'motor instincts'; that is to say, the unconscious, unreflecting impulses which, once let loose, aim at the realization of the end in view. At this point reason has no control, and arguments seem like insults which only obstruct and defer the accomplishment of the task in hand. The situation, perhaps, is best illustrated by the action of a runaway horse that is equally regardless of its own behavior, of the commands of its master, and of the risks of injury it incurs in dashing aside all obstacles that it may encounter. Physiologically, it is the temporary paralysis of the superior brain centers, while the

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animal — and likewise the man — is guided by the automatic control of the *medulla oblongata* and the spinal cord."

The Governor had apparently been listening intently to what Dr. Brinsley was saying; but, in reality, he had not followed him. His mind, though acute, was not organized to grasp or appreciate the results of minute analysis, which to the trained physician was habitual, but was accustomed to be controlled by general impressions.

As the Doctor's monologue ended, the Governor looked up at him with an expression of distress, and asked, appealingly, "Well, Doctor, what is there to do?"

Dr. Brinsley, who had been intent upon his exposition, seemed at first not to comprehend the question, apparently unaware of the practical application of his thesis that was taking place in the mind of the Governor. It was not until the latter had repeated the question, adding, "I refer, of course, to the general strike, if it should

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turn out to be a reality," that an answer was given.

"I have no competency," said the Doctor, "to deal with a question so complicated as that might be. If you had time to reason with the sensible, thoughtful, and, I have no doubt, serious and well-meaning, men who will be drawn into this movement, — if, in fact, it is a movement, — it might be effective. We doctors are always telling our patients how important hygiene is. A few believe us, but the majority do not. The result is, they come for medicine when it is too late, and sometimes perish in spite of us from operations that might have been avoided. What worries me most is, that, if this dismal dream of a strike comes true, thousands of innocent babies, whose lives depend upon the milk-supply, must perish."

The Governor looked extremely grave. "If this happens, I hope Minerva will have had time to take the children to our country place."

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A period of silence followed, during which the Governor looked resentfully from time to time at the Professor, who was quietly finishing his cigar, as if to reproach him as the author of all this mental disquietude.

"For my part," he broke out finally, "I do not believe there is anything in this cock-and-bull story about an impending strike. I think the man Blackington invented the whole of it to influence Pete; and that he imposed on you, Professor, in order to exercise collateral pressure on Pete's decision after he had finished talking to him."

"I hope you are right, Governor; I should be glad to find myself in error on that point," was the reply.

"I think it is wrong," continued the Governor, "to indulge in these speculations, which place under suspicion some of our own fellow citizens. We ought to be more generous in our thoughts, and not dwell on mere possibilities. Realities are bad enough without inventing imaginary evils. Do you not

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recall how, at school, the audience showed its feeling when we boys repeated that old declamation about 'Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup'!"

"I recognize fully the duty of charity," rejoined the Professor, "but we ought not to neglect the lessons of history. It is the duty of a statesman to know and to recall them, and to profit by them."

"What do you mean by a 'statesman'?" questioned the Governor. "Is it not the first duty of a statesman to trust the people?"

"Certainly. But his next important duty is not to flatter, but to inform, to warn, and to guide them. That, it seems to me, is the chief characteristic of a statesman as distinguished from a mere politician. The former thinks always of the people's real and ultimate interest, the dignity and security of the State; while the latter attends mainly to his own personal interest and the means of obtaining or retaining public office. If we had had more statesmen, there would be

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no possibility of a universal strike in our country."

The Governor reddened visibly, then turned abruptly toward the Professor, and said somewhat hotly: "Men of your type, if you will excuse me for saying so, are too theoretical to exercise any public influence. As for public office, which is the first condition of real public utility, a man who thinks and talks as you do puts himself deliberately beyond the pale of popular interest; and if he creates any following at all, it is composed of people like our lamented friend the General and Dr. Bodley, men who know how to talk, but are utterly incapable in the sphere of action."

"Excuse me, Governor," interrupted the Professor, somewhat excitedly, "if I beg you not to speak reproachfully of our friends; especially of the General, who can no longer speak for himself. He was, it is true, an old-fashioned, plain-speaking man, but he had the courage of his convictions, although some

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of them were, perhaps, erroneous, and at least no longer fashionable. One thing, however, may be said of him, — he never shrank from what he considered his duty. He was a gallant soldier in the war for the Union, and he loved his country with an ardor that is rare to-day. He has carried to his grave a wound from which he suffered the greater part of his life. He saved two lives in this camp when the rest of us were impotent to save. You have spoken of 'action.' If I had the stuff in me to be what he was *as a man*, I would rather have the General's record with which to face my Maker than to fill any office within the gift of men."

As the Professor concluded this sentence a light was seen approaching through the forest, now glimmering dimly through the thick underbrush, now completely hidden from view, at last appearing on the edge of the little clearing where we were encamped.

A human figure, followed by a gigantic shadow, approached us bearing a flickering

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lantern, and a voice shouted, "Is this Governor Soothem's camp? I have a telegram for him."

We all instinctively arose to our feet as the startling announcement reached our ears. The Governor stepped toward the messenger, extending his hand nervously for the little yellow envelope held out to him. By the light of the lantern, which the man held up obligingly for him to read by, he hastily tore open the cover and eagerly scanned its contents. His face grew deadly pale; he staggered slightly; then said in a low voice, "My God! it is true. A general strike has been declared, and troops are asked for from every part of the State!"

The one thought which now preoccupied our minds was, how to get the Governor most speedily to the capital.

"I must start at once," he said.

"It is useless," replied the messenger. "There is no train before nine-fifteen in the morning, the way is very difficult, and we

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could make it just as easily after daylight."

"You are already fatigued with your long tramp this forenoon," observed Dr. Brinsley, "and you could have several hours of sleep, which you really need, if you would retire at once, Governor."

The suggestion was followed; and in order that the weary man upon whose shoulders rested such a great responsibility might be undisturbed, we decided to remain by the camp-fire and leave the tent entirely to him.

For fear of wakening him, conversation was for the most part suppressed, or conducted in tones that were hardly audible, as the weary hours dragged their slow length through the remainder of the night.

"God pity the children!" Dr. Brinsley murmured under his breath, as we sat gazing at the burning brands that were gradually dropping into ashes.

Two thoughts persisted during these long periods of silence in alternately obtruding

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themselves upon my consciousness; always recurring, strangely intertwining, then fading away, finally returning, sometimes singly, sometimes together, occasionally as parts of one idea, then clashing in violent contrast, — the essential continuity of being and the transitory nature of all finite things. The eternal and the temporary, the changeless character of law in Nature and the mutability of all natural forms, the infinite range of possibilities and the narrow limits of human choice, seemed to flow and mingle, separate and stand still, fixing my attention for an instant upon a single brilliant center in the field of consciousness and then slowly expanding and diffusing my sense of being, until I felt myself part of a vast, ambient atmosphere, unlimited in space and unrelated to time.

“It is a quarter of four,” I suddenly heard, and recognized the voice of Jim Owens. I opened my eyes to find that it was daylight. I had slept soundly for four hours.

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The others appeared to have done likewise. We arose and shook ourselves. The chill of the night air was in our limbs, which had become stiff and numb, as, under the influence of extreme fatigue, we had lost all sense of possessing bodies.

Hot coffee and a portion of bread set our physical machinery in motion again, and in twenty minutes, under the guidance of the messenger who had brought the telegram, the Governor, the Professor, Dr. Brinsley, and myself were descending the mountain toward Harleypool.

The Governor's last words, as we left the camp, were addressed to Jim Owens and Pete. "You are welcome, boys, to everything we leave here, tent and all. You have served us well, and you may need the tent for your logging enterprise."

The faithful men, into whose hands a goodly sum of money had been deposited, followed us some distance down the mountain. Before parting, at the point where

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the trail was well marked, Jim Owens approached me with a good-sized package wrapped in an old newspaper and tied with a broken shoe-lace. "Nobody knows," he said, "what you will strike down there."

A little after eight we arrived at Harleypool, and at once sought the Eagle Hotel.

"Nothing doing," said the clerk, as we applied at the office for breakfast. "The cook and the waiter walked out last night. We can give you rooms."

"We do not want rooms," I said, "we are taking the south-bound train at nine-fifteen."

"There will be no trains to-day," said the clerk. "The last over the line was the ten-six last night. Don't you know about the strike?"

"I must get to the telegraph office," said the Governor. "Perhaps there are telegrams for me."

"The telegraph office closed last night at nine and will not open again until the strike is called off," remarked the clerk.

"I am Governor Soothem," exclaimed the

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Governor excitedly, "and I *must* reach the capital to-day. What can I do?"

"I would suggest an automobile," replied the clerk.

"Where can I find one?" inquired the Governor.

"That is the difficulty. There is one that takes passengers to and from the trains over at Stayville. You might get that."

"Please telephone over to have it come for me at once. Expense is not a consideration," said the Governor.

"I'm sorry, Governor. Don't you know that this strike is universal? There is no telephone service."

"What is the distance to Stayville?"

"Five miles."

"Can you send over a messenger?"

"Yes, for you, Governor."

"Well, do it, please; and tell him not to return without an automobile."

"While waiting it might be well to have some breakfast," I suggested. "It is now

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nearly nine o'clock and we have had a long walk."

"You can probably get something to eat at the little restaurant near the station," obligingly intimated the clerk. "The lady who keeps it does her own cooking."

We proceeded to the restaurant, where several persons who had come to take the train were leisurely eating. A blonde girl in a neat pink dress was taking orders behind a counter which contained nothing but a few doubtful-looking pies.

"What have you for breakfast?" demanded the Governor. "Can you give us a good beefsteak?"

"Sorry, sir," was the reply. "The butcher and the baker have not come this morning, and we were cleaned out of cold meats by the picnic yesterday."

"What, then, can you give us?"

"The others are taking Pringle's Potage with Cosmopolitan Crackers. They are very nice," said the maid.

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"Thank you," replied the Governor; "could you not give us some ham and eggs?"

"No ham; but I can give you eggs, fried in 'C.C.C.,' a delicious preparation, become very popular."

"I will take mine hard-boiled," responded the Professor.

"The same for me," added the others, including the Governor.

At this point I recalled the package handed to me by Jim Owens. I untied the piece of shoe-lace and opened the old newspaper. There was a general expression of surprised delight as there rolled out of it four full-breasted quail, broiled to a turn.

When we had finished our repast, in which the quail formed the *pièce de résistance*, we strolled back to the Eagle Hotel, to await the arrival of the automobile.

The Governor, though well browned with his camp life, looked peaked and haggard. He was evidently enduring great mental distress.

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"What do you advise me to do?" he asked, turning toward Dr. Brinsley.

"The situation is a difficult one. I cannot presume to advise you," replied the Doctor.

"I feel," continued the Governor, "that my entire political future hangs on what may happen in the next few days. If I could terminate this strike in twenty-four or forty-eight hours, I should have a good chance for the next presidential nomination. If I cannot, and if lives are lost, I shall be retired to private life."

"What if, by introducing precautionary legislation, you had been able to prevent this, or any other, universal strike; what, in that case, would your political future be?" inquired the Professor.

"'Precautionary legislation'? What do you mean by that? Do you want to abolish all corporations and all organizations of workingmen?"

"Certainly not," rejoined the Professor. "I would abolish nothing that has become

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useful in the course of our economic development. I have always contended that corporate enterprise is indispensable, and that workingmen's associations are not only excellent, but even essential to promote and safeguard the legitimate interests of the laboring classes. By precautionary legislation I mean legislation that would prohibit all compulsion, collusion, and violence on the part of great organizations, and throw the whole force of society against such abuses of power. I would make conspiracy against the equal rights of citizens a crime. In short, I would so amply provide by law for the redress of grievances, and so confirm and protect the individual citizen in his right to labor, or not to labor, — according to his own voluntary preference, — as to make a universal strike impossible."

"It is too late for that. What would you do *now?*" anxiously asked the Governor, as we saw, veering toward us round a corner, an old, open, gray automobile, containing

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only two places besides the chauffeur's, and driven by an ill-clad individual, who wore great goggles that gave him the appearance of a deep-sea diver all ready for a plunge.

"I would issue a proclamation," answered the Professor, "stating that every individual citizen would be protected from personal violence and in his right to labor if he chose to do so; and that all property would be preserved from destruction, so far as the armed forces of the State would permit; and I would appeal to all good citizens to sustain me."

"If I do that, I may as well retire to private life," said the Governor, as he and Dr. Brinsley took the two vacant seats in the automobile, which in a moment was wobbling, groaning, and slathering toward the south.

"Well, my young friend," said the Professor, as we stood alone upon the sidewalk; "being shut out of the enjoyment of civilized life, suppose we return to the pursuits of

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primitive man and ask Jim Owens and Pete to extend to us their hospitality."

I smiled approvingly, and we turned our faces toward the mountain.

VI

A DAY OF REFLECTION AND A DAY OF ACTION

"It is fortunate for us," said the Professor, as we were plodding slowly up the mountain on the steep narrow trail, — now showing signs of numerous footprints, — "it is fortunate for us, that, at the moment when Civilization goes into bankruptcy, we can find a welcome asylum in the primeval forest. Nature has been kinder to us than man. Even Harleypool, with its twenty or thirty houses, is under the common blight, because it shares in some degree the blessings of Civilization, which man has so elaborately created and has, for the moment at least, so completely nullified. The railroad, the telegraph, and the telephone have become parts of the daily necessities even of that microscopic community; and when deprived of

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these, though it may be only for a few hours, Harleypool shares the general distress and is smitten with impotence."

"But Harleypool will be one of the first to recover," I ventured to remark; "for the people possess farms and gardens, and they can, in a short time, bring together the means of subsistence. In the cities this universal strike seems to mean ultimate, and not very remote, starvation."

"The only thing for the people in the cities to do, if this condition lasts, is to leave them," rejoined the Professor.

"As we are leaving Harleypool," I added.

"Yes; it is necessary for society to untie the knot that binds it together; to relax and abandon all of life's established relations; and to go back, as the Prodigal Son in the Scriptures went back, weary, impoverished, and penitent, to begin life all over again."

"But where can the people go?" I asked. "Even if they could find the means of transportation, what place is prepared to receive

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them? They would not be welcome at Harleypool. We were obliged to leave there. If it were not for the hospitality of the hunting-camp and the resources of the lake and the forest, what would become of us? We, too, would be the victims of this startling revolution, and would be compelled to resort to the tender mercies of Pringle, the Cosmopolitan, and the 'C.C.C.' Company!"

"What you say is true," returned the Professor. "There is no logical stopping-place between Civilization and Nature. If Civilization has proved to be a gigantic error and has resulted in a bondage no longer endurable, then there is no alternative except a return to Nature; and Nature is not prepared to welcome back all her errant children. Her family has become too numerous. It is — to apply still further the parable you have cited — as if there were such a great army of Prodigal Sons that they could not return to the parental roof because the house would not be big enough to hold them and

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the fattened calf would not suffice to give them a single supper. This great wilderness which we are now penetrating is a generous provider for Jim and Pete, and for you and me; and, perhaps, it might be for a good many more healthy and able-bodied men like ourselves. It would, however, offer a reluctant and wholly inadequate hospitality to the population of a great city, and would involve exposure and probably death to multitudes of delicate women and young children who could not endure the rigors to which they would be exposed. Modern society is too fragile a flower to flourish in a soil so ungenerous."

"And yet, it seems to me," I made bold to reply, "that even the paralysis of all organized industries does not necessarily involve the extinction of civilized society. There is a series of intermediate conditions between the state of Nature in which men live in the forest and the highly specialized conditions of life in our great centers of popu-

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lation where each individual is dependent upon the activity and coöperation of others for the satisfaction of his most ordinary daily needs, such as food, clothing, light, heat, and means of locomotion and communication. We could, if we chose, live a more simple and more isolated existence, dispensing entirely with all the modern facilities that have rendered us so dependent upon others; going back to Nature in small detachments, taking up and cultivating with our own hands little patches of ground, weaving our own cloth and making our own clothing. We could thus dispense entirely with great cities, vast manufactories, railroads, the telegraph, and the telephone. It would thus become impossible for these great organizations, these *imperia in imperio*, which have grown up and become more powerful than the State, to dictate what we shall eat or what we shall do. Living under the shadow of his own vine and fig tree, as it were, each head of a family would be master of his own life and of his

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own household, and able to live in perfect freedom and independence. The proof that this is possible is found in the fact that, for centuries, men have so lived; and that, in some countries, and even in parts of our own country, men live so still. It is a clearly defined stage of social evolution, to which we might return," I concluded, with a little flourish of triumph which my native and habitual modesty soon caused me to regret.

"You are assuming," kindly returned the Professor, in a tone that was evidently designed to encourage me in my effort to join in conversation, "you are assuming, I think, the possibility of reversing a course of natural development which has created wholly new conditions, — entirely artificial, if you please to call them so, but which render impracticable a return to an earlier stage of social evolution. Society, as a whole, is so constituted that it can go forward, but it cannot go backward."

"But do not animal organisms sometimes

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revert to their primitive forms, so as to present not only examples of completely arrested development, but of atavism and degeneration? In the present case, if this universal strike should endure, why might it not result in such a permanent dissolution of existing social arrangements as to obliterate entirely all the advancement made since the time when our States were English colonies, and reduce us to the type of existence prevalent at the end of the eighteenth century? Our first experience having completely failed, might we not decide not to repeat it, but to remain on the eighteenth-century basis?"

"You apparently overlook the fact," rejoined the Professor, "that when an animal organism reaches the limit of its development and becomes a stationary type, or when by the enfeeblement of its organs it becomes degenerate, this is not, and cannot be, a final phenomenon. Other organisms continue to develop; or, even if they fail to do so, the degeneration of the first one in question renders

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the others relatively superior, so that the balance by which both maintained their existence is suppressed and the degenerate organism becomes the prey and victim of its competitors in the struggle for existence. That is what would happen to our country if, from any cause, we should revert to an eighteenth-century type of society. We should then become the prey and victim of the great capitalistic, colonizing powers, — either of one or of several of them, — and should find ourselves annexed to them as helpless dependencies, as the most of Africa and a great part of Asia already are, and as certain parts of America even now would be, if it were not for the Monroe Doctrine."

"You think, then, Professor, that these social questions have an important international aspect?" I inquired, in a tone of sincere docility.

"That side of them cannot safely be overlooked," he remarked. "Already, in some

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countries, syndicalism has so far undermined the State as seriously to affect its powers of self-defense. As there is not any real unity of a durable nature between these organized groups of men within the State, not only is the national defense weakened to a point that is positively dangerous, but civil war is the inevitable ultimate outcome of this form of social evolution."

"Do you consider, then, that this universal strike exposes us to the possibility of war?" I asked in eager surprise.

"A universal strike is essentially a state of civil war," replied the Professor. "I do not know whether or not hostilities have actually broken out; but if it continues, they will inevitably follow. The interests of the organizations now in alliance are not identical. As the Governor told us the other evening, when they are clearly discerned they will be seen to be essentially antagonistic. The laboring-men want cheap food; the food companies want to make food dear. That is

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what the strike is really for. The labor organizations that have been led into this conspiracy have been cruelly deceived. They have been made by their leaders to believe that 'the great squeeze' — as the inspector said to Pete — has come; and that they will have everything their own way. They will awaken to the realization that they have been deceived and cheated. They will find it difficult to return to work. There will be rage, as well as disappointment and disillusionment. I shall not be surprised if the 'C.C.C.' Company will be the first to suffer, and will find its great factory a wreck at the hands of an outraged public. There is nothing that so stirs human indignation as the discovery that one has been exploited by falsehood and deception in the interest of heartless selfishness or personal ambition. It is to be hoped that the end, whatever it may be, may come quickly; for if, in the midst of this internal strife and governmental impotence, our national interests

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should be anywhere imperiled, we should be exposed to defeat and humiliation."

The Professor had hardly finished this sentence when we began to scent the aromatic odors of the camp-fire, exhaled from the logs of pine and spruce, of which Jim Owens and Pete were in the habit of making a sacrifice that those who have reflected upon the duty of conserving our forest resources would certainly condemn as altogether too extravagant.

As we arrived in the camp the two men looked up with expressions of pleased surprise.

"Why, howdy?" cried Jim Owens, advancing toward us with a big string of fish just out of the lake, which he had a moment before brought in and was holding up to the admiring eyes of Pete when we first caught sight of them, the finny trophies gleaming and shimmering in the sunlight that turned their silver scales into gold and still protesting against capture in their vain efforts

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to free themselves from the forked branch from which they hung in an elongated cluster.

"Welcome home!" exclaimed Jim, as we came up to the two men. "Desperate glad to see you. Strike 's over, I suppose."

Both men stood, almost motionless, with mouths half open, as we told them of the stagnation that reigned at Harleypool, of the Governor's departure in the rickety automobile that offered such slender assurance of his ever arriving at the capital, and of the cause of our return.

"Lucky we still have the canvas," observed Pete, as he took the heavy knapsacks that we had carried on our shoulders and deposited them in the tent beside the cots we had previously occupied.

"We're well stocked with fish and game," said Jim Owens; "and the most of that keg of salt pork is there, with a big bag of coffee, a can of sugar, some butter yet, and a box of biscuits. We shall soon be short on bread, which is good for two days more; but aside

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from that, with fair luck with our guns and rods, we can keep you well fed for more than a month."

"Our stay will not be so long as that," returned the Professor; "but we are right glad to come to you for a few days. Civilization has refused to receive us, so we have turned our backs on it."

The two men laughed approvingly, and went about their tasks of cleaning fish and dressing partridges, in order to give us an early supper.

The Professor and I had only just sat down to a smoking repast of fried lake trout, broiled partridges, baked potatoes, and hot coffee, and had exchanged congratulations on dining like epicures here in the wilderness, while our friends in the great overfed towns were reduced to a diet of the Pringle and Cosmopolitan variety, when a loud baying and howling of the three hounds in the kennel, a hundred yards away, informed us that something unusual had occurred.

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We were about to ask Jim Owens what the hullabaloo was all about, when we noticed a strange mouse-colored dog, whose long, pendent, yellow-tipped ears hung dejectedly beside a pair of big, sad-looking, downcast eyes, giving to his elongated physiognomy a solemn, forlorn, and — if one may apply the term to a member of the canine species — a regretful appearance; an aspect of habitual grief that could never have been graven on the face of an animal except by a long and hard struggle for the means of subsistence.

"Why, it's Gumblitz!" exclaimed Jim Owens, as he caught sight of the intruder, now come to a full point, and staring at us with his solemn eyes from between the underbrush in a half-scared, half-savage, but altogether surprised manner.

"*Gumblitz?*" articulated the Professor, inquiringly; "that is a queer name for a dog! I once knew a man by that name, a strange character who was born in Austria, educated in England, and brought to America as a

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great expert in botany; but he was so peculiar that no one could get on with him. The trustees dismissed him, after six months of trial, from the university with which I was then connected. Since then I have never heard of him."

"It may be the same man," said Jim. "He is crazy about plants. He lives all alone in the trunk of a hollow tree, around which he has a little garden of flowers and vegetables, about three miles from here. His only companion is that old dog."

A few moments later the branches of the undergrowth behind the dog began to sway, and an instant afterward a face, framed in a bushy, grizzly beard and surmounted by an aureole of long, iron-gray hair crowned by a cap made of the skin of some animal, peered out at us; at first furtively and suspiciously, then, as the man advanced, more confidently, until a voice issued from the center of this full moon of a countenance which, with only the slightest foreign accent, that was more

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English than German, said, "Good-evening, gentlemen."

The Professor arose from his camp-stool, advanced in the direction of the queer-looking stranger, and said, "Is not this Herr Gumblitz? Do you not recall your old colleague?"

The man looked at him for a moment, in a mystified fashion, and then answered, "Why, yes; it is Lathemwell!"

A cordial handshake followed, with a suggestion that the stranger join us at our evening meal, — an invitation that was accepted with alacrity.

"It is nearly ten years since we met," remarked the Professor.

"Yes, it is a long time. I give my whole time to study now; no miserable, unwilling learners to waste thought upon and to play tricks on me. I live in the world of plants, where everything moves according to law, where things are useful without boasting; and, best of all, where everything follows

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its own nature and nothing commits the crime of owning something else."

"That must be delightful, to live in such a world of innocence!" observed the Professor, with a suppressed smile. "It must afford many good examples for human society."

"The perfect image of an ideal society!" exclaimed Gumblitz, with a burst of enthusiasm that lighted up his naturally somber countenance. "If men would only study and imitate Nature!" he added. "You have come out here for that, is n't it?"

"We have come here, my friend and I," — and here he presented me by name to our visitor, — "because civilized society has no place for us. We have come here as refugees from Civilization!" said the Professor.

A smile of satisfaction spread over the unmown face of Gumblitz, revealing his thick, yellow lips and irregular teeth in an expression of utter *abandon*, giving him the aspect of some satyr caught in a moment of perfect ecstasy. Every vestige of what was

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evidently his customary reserve had suddenly disappeared, and his whole nature lay open and accessible before us in his sudden gush of sympathy and confidence.

"For this I have been long waiting," he said. "I knew it must come."

The Professor then told him of the universal strike.

In an instant his delight was transformed to a wild, gleeful state of jubilation. "A universal strike in the State of Utopia!" he exclaimed. "That is the first of the two steps necessary to the formation of the ideal society."

"What *is* the ideal society?" asked the Professor.

"It is one in which every one *takes* according to his *needs*; in which there is no public power to compel any one to do anything *against his will*; and in which no one can say, 'You must *not*.'"

"How is a universal strike a step toward that condition of society?"

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"It abolishes all law, the fiction of property, and the distinctions between persons; and thereby brings society back to the bosom of Nature, our common mother. It restores the simple, equitable, and generous laws of the world of plants," was Gumblitz's reply.

"I do not understand you," I ventured to interpose. "There is certainly a great difference between men and the objects that form the vegetable kingdom."

"Yes," he replied, "a great distinction. Man, as he exists, is a being with a double nature. He has both vegetable and animal properties. The world began to be ruined when animals began to exist. Vegetation is always obedient to the laws of Nature. The plant takes from the soil and the air just what it needs; but no more. The animal is different. He takes more than he needs, destroys other living things, and makes a scene of ruin. The worst of all animals is man; because he is the most selfish, the most cun-

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ning, and the most voracious. He eats when he is not hungry; he drinks when he is not thirsty; and he makes love at all seasons. He is not content with the present, but is always thinking of the future. He appropriates portions of the earth, fences them in, builds houses upon them, and surrounds them with high walls. When we come to him for bread, he drives us away. He says this is *his* world, and that we have no place in it. We find everywhere that men are alike. If we break in, we are put in prison. If we rest in the road, we are told to move on. We have been born into the world, only to find it occupied. But what better right to a place in the world can there be than our having been born into it?"

This question seemed difficult to answer categorically; so I said, "Herr Gumblitz, you have spoken of a double nature in man, a vegetative and an animal nature. You have told us of the excesses of the animal side, what of the other?"

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"The vegetative part of man is entirely in accord with the harmony of Nature," he replied. "Take, for example, such organs as the stomach and the lungs. They need food and air. They work tranquilly and without rebellion so long as they obtain what they need. Notice young animals, the human child included. See how happy they are when only their vegetative functions are properly performed. But wait until the animal comes to predominate over the vegetal element in life; and then you see men made ill by overeating and overdrinking, and rendered miserable by quarreling and fighting over what they do not need, and what these lusty creatures are determined the others shall not have!"

The Professor was evidently doing his best to keep a straight face, and gravely asked: "Are there not voracious plants as well as voracious animals? And are there not many species of vegetable parasites?"

Gumblitz looked at him for a moment

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with a grave, sympathetic expression, as if he pitied his ignorance ; and then replied: "There is a marked sociability in plants. See how they fill up all the available spaces, in happy harmony. The oak seems proud to support the ivy. There is no unhappiness in the vegetable world."

"It seems to me," observed the Professor, "there is another difference between men and plants that you have not referred to. Has it not occurred to you that man is an intelligent creature?"

"Why do you speak of intelligence as a human characteristic?" queried our guest. "Undoubtedly, man possesses a faculty of imagination and a power to reason about mere words; but the best proof of a sound intelligence would be to avoid illusion, to know reality, and to follow the laws of Nature, instead of assuming to be something higher, and to exercise an authority that Nature does not give, and does not even possess."

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"You spoke, Herr Gumblitz, of the universal strike as being the first step toward the formation of an ideal society, and intimated that it would be followed by another that would complete the process. Will you kindly explain this?" asked the Professor.

"If the universal strike only lasts," was the reply, "it will wipe out all the artificial institutions and present distinctions of society, as it has been constituted by what is called 'Civilization.' That is the first step. The second step is the reconstruction of society, on the plant model, by a process of education; the fundamental principle being, '*To each according to his needs; from each according to his will.*'"

"It seems to me," remarked the Professor, "that it would require a great deal of education, and of a new kind, to reconstruct society on that basis. What are you going to do with the fact of personality, with its necessary adjuncts of merit and demerit, moral excellence and moral perversity?"

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"These notions do not exist in the plant world," replied Gumblitz, with the air of a man rendered utterly hopeless of making a great idea clear to a cloudy intellect.

"But they *do* in the human world," I ventured to remark.

"You mean," he retorted with animation, "they are *believed* to exist; but in reality they do not. These beliefs are, in fact, mere superstitions. Nature knows nothing of them. They are the results of a false system of education, in which the natural order of things is inverted. *You* place *mind* first, and try to educate *up* to reason; *I* place *matter* first, and try to educate *down* to reality!"

"What, precisely, do you mean by 'educating *down*,' Herr Gumblitz?" asked the Professor, with a puzzled expression.

"I mean," said our visitor gravely, "that what we call 'Civilization' is based upon ideas of religion, philosophy, art, and those branches of science which are called 'humanistic.' There is nothing in any of them. They

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all reduce themselves to human conceptions, — mere *thoughts*, if you please; — they are not *things*. Plants are things!"

"Do you think the idea of 'duty,' or personal obligation, could enter into your scheme of social reconstruction?" inquired the Professor.

"Certainly not," responded Gumblitz, in surprise. "Nature knows nothing of such a conception as 'duty.' Nature consists of free activity, according to inherent needs. Everything follows the line of least resistance. Men try to follow lines of *greatest* resistance. That is where trouble comes in."

"You have spoken of 'artificial institutions,'" I observed. "To what do you refer?"

"The chief of them are the Family and the State," was the reply.

"And you would destroy these entirely, as a condition of your ideal society?" I asked.

"They are founded on fictions," he responded, almost ferociously.

"Would women vote in your ideal society?"

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"Nobody would vote. Voting means that some people intend to control the actions of other people. In an ideal society there would be nothing compulsory."

"Would marriage have a place in your scheme? And who would protect and care for the children? Who would carry on the process of educating them *downward*?" queried the Professor, with an expression of antipathy to the views propounded by Herr Gumblitz that could not have escaped his observation.

"All will be on the basis of the sufficiency of Nature," he replied, with an expression of discontent, as he saw his hope of at last winning a pair of disciples gradually vanishing away. "As for the kind of education I advocate, the best aid to that will be the abolition of the kind we have at present," he added, as he arose to depart.

"Good-night," he said coldly, as he shambled away in the fading twilight, already deepening into dusk. His miserable dog lingered behind, looking wistfully at the

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fragments of our repast that still remained on our plates. These scraps were thrown to him just as his master — his uncouth figure strongly silhouetted against a patch of clear sky that shone through the stately columns formed by the avenue of pine trees through which he was passing like the sunlit chancel of a Gothic cathedral — paused, turned to see if the animal was following, and impatiently whistled for him to come. The half-famished beast, with a few hasty gulps and crunches, devoured a portion of his meager supper; then dejectedly abandoned the remainder and meekly hurried after his squalid owner.

“Poor old fellow!” exclaimed the Professor, as the two were lost to view below the sky-line of the hill they were descending; “one would think he might get the idea of duty from his dog!”

“If he had only known the General!” observed Pete, who was gathering up the dishes.

When we were left to ourselves, the con-

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versation naturally fell upon the trying position in which the Governor was placed. I recall that I was doing most of the talking when I suddenly heard a low, prolonged whistle which appeared to emanate from beyond a projecting cliff that commanded a view of the valley toward Harleypool. A few moments afterward the signal — for such I inferred it was intended to be — was repeated; and this time I saw Pete take up an unlighted lantern and slip away in the direction of the rock.

It was now entirely dark. The Professor had fallen asleep listening to my talk, and Jim Owens was arranging the tent for the night. Curious to know what was going on, I walked quietly to the cliff and was standing upon it when I heard the sound of voices on the lower side. Pete had lighted his lantern, completely concealed by the little promontory above him, and its light now fell full on the face and figure of a woman, — tall, slender, and willowy, — her long black hair

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disheveled, her dark eyes gazing eagerly at Pete, her dress tattered, and her hands bleeding in many places, as from contact with briars.

"You *must* go!" I heard her say. "Blackington was drunk, but he was in earnest. 'If the Governor sends soldiers to stop this strike within a week,' he said, 'he will be a dead man! A *week*, he must give us a *week*, then we don't care how soon he ends it'!"

Pete, looking helplessly at the woman, was deadly pale. "I *can't*, I *can't*," he murmured. "It is forty miles from here. He won't believe me. I have no proofs."

"Don't be a *coward*, Pete," almost hissed the woman. "*Go!* Where would *you* be, if nobody had cared for *your* life? And this is the Governor, the *Governor!* Go quick, there is no time to lose! The gray mare is at the foot of the trail, tied to a white birch. You have only to lean over and whisper in her ear, 'Mirabelle, Mirabelle,' and she'll take you like the wind. If you don't reach him before

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morning, it may be too late. Oh, be a *man*, Pete!" and she laid her bleeding hand on the man's shoulder.

"I'll go if you'll give up Blackington for good!" Pete exclaimed.

"I've given him up forever!" replied the woman, as she threw her arm about the man's neck and bent toward him; then caught him by the hand and started to run down the mountain, dragging Pete after her.

When I informed the Professor and Jim Owens of what had happened, the guide remarked, "So Pete's wife has come back to him. I knew she would tire of Blackington!"

It was about nine o'clock the next morning when, to our great surprise, a messenger arrived in camp to announce that the Governor had sent his automobile for us, and that it was waiting at Harleypool to take us to the capital.

Such an unexpected recall to civilized life created great excitement in our little camp. The universal strike still continued, the mes-

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senger said, and was taking on a serious aspect. Riots had occurred. Several trains, manned by volunteers, sent out to carry the mails, had been derailed; many workshops where the men had protested against the strike and resisted orders to quit work had been attacked; and fierce battles between besiegers and defenders had occurred. Lives had been lost; but, on account of interrupted communication, exact information was impossible. The most remarkable feature of the situation, it was reported, was the contention that had arisen as to who was responsible for it.

We hastened our departure, and by noon, the way having now become familiar, we had reached Harleypool, where the Governor's sixty-horse-power touring-car was in waiting.

Our ride southward was without incident, but by no means without interest. What struck us most impressively was the contrast between the evident anxiety and excitement of all classes of the population and the abso-

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lute immobility of all the ordinary machinery of life. It seemed as if the entire complicated mechanism of industry had been completely dismantled, taken to pieces for repair, as it were, and its disjointed parts were lying about useless and unrelated. Men seemed willing, even anxious, to work; but they dared not offer to do so. When asked why they did not, they shrugged their shoulders, looked about suspiciously, as if in terror of some mysterious power which they either could not or would not name. Everything essential seemed to exist except the normal relations between men. What power had suppressed them? What power could restore them? I thought of the Reign of Terror in Paris, when the individual wholly ceased to exist, completely submerged and substantially obliterated by the mania that possessed the multitude. Society had been suddenly reduced to isolated and impotent atoms. All seemed waiting for something to happen, without knowing what it would be.

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It was nearly two o'clock in the afternoon when we drew up near the square in front of the State House. We could see its noble façade and the gilded dome over which proudly floated the Stars and Stripes, but we could not approach it, on account of the compact mass that filled the entire square.

We descended in a side street, made our way with difficulty through the crowd, and mounted the marble steps.

Standing near the great bronze doors was Pete, looking proud and happy. Advancing promptly to welcome us, he said: "There was a plot to kill the Governor. I had n't time to tell you. But I got here in time to tell *him*, and it's all right now."

"The Governor will see you at once," said a doorkeeper who was evidently waiting for us.

The corridors and the large anteroom through which we passed were crowded with anxious-looking men, some well-dressed, others ill-clad, representing all classes.

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As the door of the Governor's private office opened, we caught sight of him, sitting alone in an armchair behind a large mahogany desk covered with official papers. As we entered he arose to greet us, looking pale but resolute.

"I wanted you here, my friends," he said, "to explain to you how serious this crisis is. The Attorney-General informs me that there is nothing illegal in this universal strike, and that I can deal legally only with overt acts of violence. These have occurred, and the militia has been called for in every direction; but my advisers warn me of the imprudence of sending troops against the people. I have been informed of a plot to take my life if I do so.

"Last night, or rather very early this morning, I retired exhausted, irresolute, and in despair; but whether asleep or awake, I know not, there came to me a vision of our hunting-camp. I saw the General, as he stood up and said, 'We have become a race of

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cowards.' I heard him say, 'We thought we had saved the country in '65, but new dangers have arisen. I am unable to cope with them, but others will be able, and God will not abandon us!' Then he looked at me reproachfully, and went away."

Here the Governor paused and touched an electric button. The doorkeeper who had shown us in reappeared.

"James," said the Governor, "open the door to the balcony; I wish to speak to the people."

A moment later we all stood looking down upon the open square in front of the State House.

A murmur like the coming-in of a flood tide on a shingly beach arose from the motionless mass of men in the square. Then as the Governor, who had advanced to the balustrade and rested his left hand upon it, as if about to speak, was recognized, a great roar like the thunder of a cataract swelled up from below. "Hurrah for Soothem!"

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shouted a thousand voices; but the mighty cheer was immediately swallowed up and silenced in a series of sharp, shrill hisses that seemed to voice the malignity of a writhing mass of angry serpents.

"Heterogeneous," I said to myself, as I recalled Dr. Brinsley's monologue on the psychology of the crowd.

But the Governor had already begun to speak.

"Fellow citizens," he was saying, "we are facing the most serious crisis in the history of this State. It is nothing less than a conspiracy against the people — a conspiracy born of greed, intrigue, and corruption."

At that instant I saw Pete dart forward and thrust his body violently in front of the Governor.

Swift as the motion was, it was not quick enough to shield the intended victim. The Governor fell back, pale and fainting, into the arms of the Professor, who stood directly behind him.

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"It is Blackington!" cried Pete; "I saw him fire from that window."

At the same moment, on the side of the square farthest away from the State House, and nearest to the river front, I saw a man, wearing an enormous white paper cap, — too tall for an ordinary piece of headgear, and evidently intended to attract general attention,— who had mounted upon a large box, from which, gesticulating wildly, he addressed the crowd in words which I could not hear. At the end of a minute he leaped down from his perch; and his great white cap leading on like a banner, the man ran down a side street toward the river front, followed by a rushing torrent of men, all yelling like demons, "Blow it up! End it! Down with the strike!"

The Governor had already been carried to his office and placed on a sofa. His military aide, in full uniform, was standing near.

"Major Dudley," I heard him say, in the clear, calm tone of a man accustomed to

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executive action, "tell the commandant to send the Second Artillery to take immediate occupation of the river front; to order the First Cavalry to guard the Union Railway Station and prepare trains in the yards for instant use; to occupy in person, with the Fourth Infantry, the Central Telegraph Office, and see that this message" — drawing a paper from his inside coat-pocket — "is at once repeated over every open wire until replies come in. Then have them sent without delay to me."

In the mean time a surgeon had arrived. After a careful examination of the Governor, he said: "It is only a flesh wound in the left shoulder, and here is the bullet. There is no cause for alarm."

The Professor turned toward the Governor and remarked coolly, "And this bullet will end the strike."

"Why do you think so?" I asked in some surprise.

"Because it will convince the people that

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this conspiracy is in reality an attack on the State as the institution of justice and the guardian of public order," replied the Professor.

A moment later a man rushed breathlessly into the room, and shouted, "They have blown up the 'C.C.C.' Company's establishment with dynamite."

The Governor looked troubled. "I had hoped no more property would be destroyed; and I trust no lives were lost," he said.

"This announcement is of *personal* interest to you, I suppose, Governor," observed the Professor, with a satirical expression.

"No," replied the Governor; "I returned my certificates to the Company this morning, with a statement that I could no longer be a stockholder." Then, turning toward Pete, he added: "It was *you*, my brave man, who gave me the key of the situation. You will have a place in the Executive Mansion as long as I am Governor."

"Will you be a candidate for reëlection?" I inquired of the Governor.

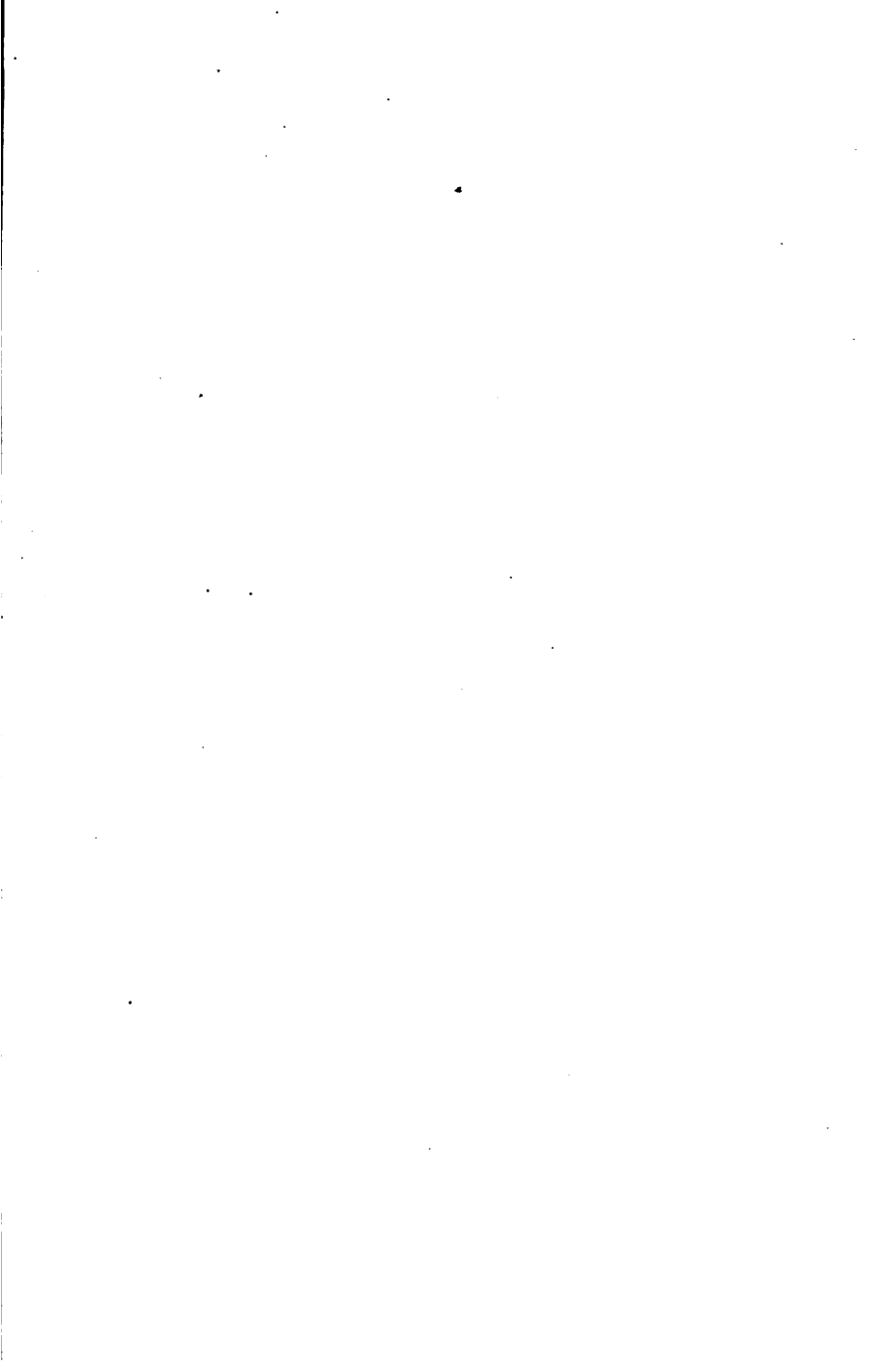
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"No," he replied; "but I shall be a candidate for the presidency of the United States, with this plank in my platform: 'We pledge ourselves to defend the right of every person to exercise his lawful occupation and to pursue his legitimate business under the full protection of the law, without subjection to the menace of violence to his person or his property; and we exhort all good citizens to support us in the effort to redeem this pledge.'"

"Do you think you could be elected on that platform?" I asked dubiously.

"It would be interesting to test that point," he answered crisply. "At all events, it would be a greater honor to be defeated in defending such an indisputable human right than to be the choice and representative of persons who would lack the disposition or the courage to defend it."

THE END



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